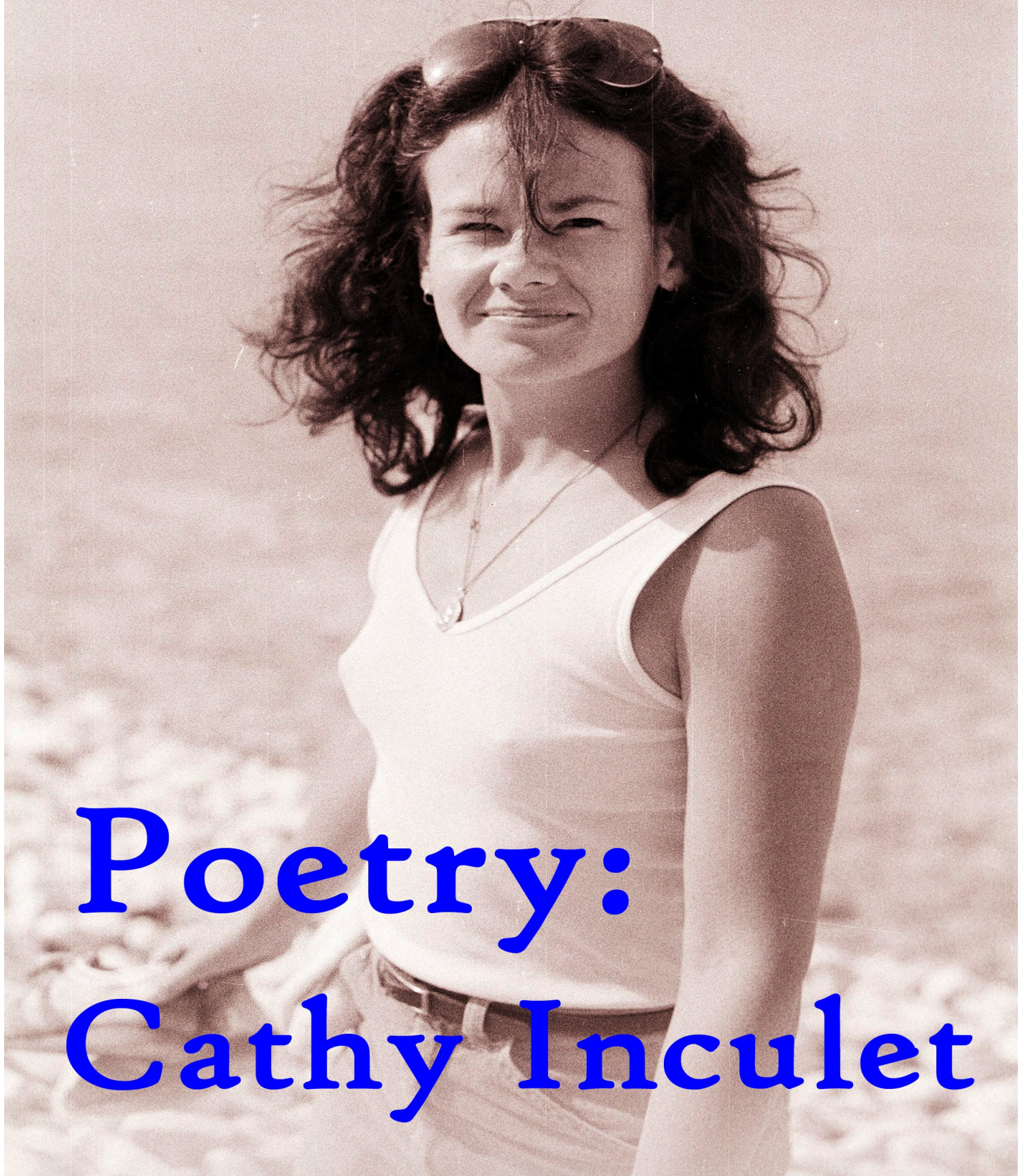


17 & 1/2 Hours



**Poetry:
Cathy Inculet**

17 & ½ Hours

The poetry of Catherine M. Inculet [1957-2015]

edited by Wayne Scott Ray



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Reflections

Is the lack of trust in me, the withdrawal, the “I’m not in love with you” because of the realization that I have failures, that I am not strong all the time. I think that this is the measure of a relationship, to be able to lean on and expect support from each other is capable of doing. More than that, it is the expectation that even if that person was strong enough - no that’s not the right words - even if the other person is battling their own demons, that they will be there for you.

My love, once given is unconditional. I have given it three times - once to Mark Verleyen when we were young, I learned a lot - it took me five years to get over him, once to Rory Murphy / it was as it turned out, a misgiven trust - I refuse to become hardened by it, and once to you. That is continuing in a strange way, once I have given my love, it continues. If someone were to come to me, even if they had missed me, I seem to have this strange ability to forgive the past and get on with dealing with the present. But then I get surprised when people dwell on the past.

Relationships

To a large extent they seem to have an ability to deal with each other’s feelings as opposed to an attraction to each other’s qualities. Of course there is mixed in with that the selfish “what can I gain from my association with this person?” I learned this only lately from Rory Murphy - he gained and expected to gain much from me.

Sometimes I wish for that simple domestic life that other people seem to be happy with - no, I wish for that contentment - how is it that people can be so content? This world is so large, with so much to love. Each of us can only do a little but so many just don’t want to bother. How can someone with potential not want - no, not be driven to realize on that potential? It’s taken me a few years. So, what is the difference between someone who makes a difference and someone who doesn’t?

Opportunity / Experience

I had all the opportunity in the world and didn’t fight hard enough to get what I wanted - I succumbed and have been miserably following an agenda which has not allowed me to make a difference. You, from what you have told me, did not have opportunity. But you have made well of your experience.

Your qualities that make me smile:

The way you can stop in the middle of what you’re doing and make a moment of something else. The way you can focus absolutely on something, to the point that (imagining as it may be, I still appreciate it) you don’t acknowledge my speaking to you. Your ability gauge a situation/conversation and simply know how to diffuse it or encourage it - I am guessing that came from your childhood, dealing with your mom & dad.

You spoke of “clouds”. My feeling is that we are talking about joy. I am done with having to prove anything to you - not going to do it anymore. So. Please trust your teaching of me. I need your respect and unconditional love. If I can’t trust in that from you, my reflex is to close doors, trust myself and get what I need from time to time from my friends.

You are an incredibly smart man - and I think my love of continuous learning and wonder at the world has in part come from you. I get so excited about trips and frogs and Bosnia and Africa and all the things that are happening in the world. I am constantly learning and I am not wise, yet, but I am your age. I think you are very wise but why do you seem to have this tunnel vision about your own daughter. That would be in a time that neither you nor I can conceive of.

You have lived a life of envious proportions and are still growing, still doing. You are amazing. I am amazing too, but in a way you can’t (it seems) comprehend or respect. Release me to live my life, with your love.

Poetry for Alnoor Jamani

17 1/2 hours
December 18, 1994

I lick the linger taste of parting kiss.
Your scent is drifting slowly in my hair.
Intoxicating insistent embrace.
Were I to die so happy in its snare,
and will we ask what shan't become of us?
Our stories shared will choose that road in time,
two paths, two lives were merged in wondrous
touch,
but I have known you always, lover mine

I am forewarned, please leave me with your scent.
It breathes your nature or perhaps your past.
If you belong to danger I'm content,
in perilous desire then I'm cast.

Some promises were taken and some left,
But my sweet friend, there will be no regret.

Be On My Side

Be on my side
 my darling.
Be on my side and
I will fail sometimes.
Be on my side so
I'll be quite contrite.

But I must fight my demons
as they show themselves,
they don't wait for opportunity,
they raise their heads, but
I know that face,
I dare to dream,
to walk that place.

I don't know if I can find
 my peace,
but if I can at last,
 know that you
are on my side.

Alnoor

it is not the time
or the waiting
it is the thought
of waiting
it is the expectation
of being with you

His Mother's Voice

I sit in contemplation
of your learning
of my behaviour
and I'm sorry
I don't run to our
co-habitation.
I refer
to things of scarcity.
Blessings.
They are ethereal.
But you are my rock,
through all the shock,
of my parents
You are there for me.

I keep singing this song,
it changes with the morning.
It is our song.

Hooked

Hooked.
No shots to play
four ball in the corner,
off the side, banked.
Your anger
leaves me no choice
but to tip in the 8 ball,
and lose to you.

Candour

I taste your name
with absolute candour.
There are questions,
but we can wait for answers.

I find myself moving like you.
In you I am possessed,
and new.

Alone,
it was so strange.
Me who has always been,
so comfortable disarranged.

I crave you, push you, want you.
All in a bundle.
A package like a granadilla,
which you can pretend to fumble.

So I can go,
but our meeting is strong I think,
and if you will have me,
I will stay true.

I could live in your voice
Surrounded by its languor
Its liquid candour.

If I Could Fly

If I could fly,
I would stay on the ground,
knowing that I,
could leave without a sound.

It's not the time
or the waiting.
It's the thought of waiting.
The expectation of you.

Pretend You Love Me

Just pretend you love me
and I'll give you the world.
My world.
I am so vulnerable.
I've lost everything,
no, I've thrown it down.

Just pretend that you love me.
I love you.
I left my husband for
the me that I am with you.

I have been selfish
but I give it all to you.
He sees it as competition.

How can I tell you
that I don't need you
when it's plain on my face,
that I really do.

Tell me that you do,
tell me that and I
can love the world.

Alnoor A Name So Soft

Alnoor is a name so soft,
no percussive syllables.
Unlike mine, somehow defined
by the first of cat-astrophes.
How do you put up with me?
But I cannot tell your name,
you say Allan.
I want to shout
 "How common."
 "How distinctly so, so.",
that convenience is a wall you put up,
like covering pancakes with syrup.
I will follow you and you will follow me,
just as partners should be.
Hand in hand.

Not a man and his wife.
Good grief I have tried
that and found it lacking
 in life,
in respect for each other,
frankly I rather pet a cat.

Rays In The Sun

I think all the rays in the sun
can't explain my love for you.
I know it is plain on my face
as I walk along beside you.
I try to not try,
be my guide on this road
as I search for you.
It is strange to be here with you
while I'm looking to find you.

Fellow traveller on a solitary road,
does it matter that I stumble sometimes.
I fall catastrophically in your arms.
Your strong back picks me up,
but needs my strength
to carry half your load.
Of dreams that weigh on you.
Of schemes that play on you.
And time that passes
with the flashing of an eye.

I am dancing down the street
that is filled with people lost,
trudging sadly down a path winding.
Gently, oh so simply,
but I follow muses that admit of no riposte.
I am silent in my needs.

Someone

I want someone who is kind.
Who will applaud me when
I've done something I'm proud of,
or just applaud me when,
I've done something good or bad.

Just the fact that I tried.

Someone who thinks I am the
most gorgeous creative angel
and can see how a room
changes when I enter.

Someone who understands the
impulse to go and lay down
on the ground and smell
and feel the earth, the weeds,
and watch the insects roam.

Someone whom I
when I say "I Love You" knows
it isn't a question.

Someone from whom distance
is infinitesimal because he is
always in touch with me, reassuring me,
without being asked.

I want, I need to be sure of him.
I want his needs. I
can give so much to him.
At the edge of doubt I will build a wall.

Someone who can fill
that one little chink in the wall
and his face can slip through it
into my eyes and then I can fly.

I can carry him though I don't need to.
I think he can fly on his own,
but if he gets tired, just falls asleep,
say in a bowl of soup at lunch,
then I can carry him,
no distance, always in touch.

It was just a chink, a small
one getting smaller and smaller and
I keep trying to look through it
but I can't see my own people anymore.
I used to be able to see,
can't see anymore.
I wonder if it was they
who put mortar in the chink?

We are always together.
We closed the chink.
You don't get to see us anymore.
I get to see through his eyes.
I am quite strong

I want someone who is kind.
Who will applaud me when
I've done something I'm proud of,
or just applaud me when,
I've done something good or bad.

I know I can climb over the wall.
I'm quite strong. It is frightening though
because when I get to the top
of the wall and look over, there
will be absolutely nothing there
but light.

Walls

She came up to a wall, well
it wasn't a wall really, it
was like a Venetian,
is that the right word,
Venetian, that's a funny word,
from Venice,
venation blinds,
she could peek through
by moving them apart.

Be generous with me.
In my sleep.
I can't challenge you
in my resting state.
Funny how it all circles around.

What Do I Do?

What do I do?
How do I talk to you?
Are we wounded by
the things we have to go through,
to choose.

I am sorry for hurting you.
I worry about pleasing you.

Why would I get angry?
Why would I compare?
Why would I try to please the pleasure?



Catherine @18



April 06 1978

Where will I be in ten years? I'll be 30 that's for sure. Will I be like I read in the magazines; desperately lonely, desperate for a man, anxious to jump at the first proposal just for a release, the big copout? I think I am stronger than that. I hope I am. I await my new single life with great anticipation and excitement. What a blow to have your boyfriend who always seemed to be in your future, suddenly become engaged to another woman [Mark Verleyen]. I know I can't marry for quite some time. I must become stronger than I am. That won't happen if I can lean on someone else or if I can't devote all my time to myself. Also, the men my age are so new, so unsure. I feel that they are always baffled, somewhat frightened by me. I seek solace in the company of men in their late 20's. They too are divorced - both from a love and trauma life which increasingly converges to a single goal, pursuit of happiness. This I think is the concept in which my mind differs. For me, this happiness is everything.

**Poetry and 1977 diary for her first boyfriend:
Mark Verleyen**

When I was 17 and in University in the sciences, there was a fellow whom I had met briefly at the University Community College outside Room 260. He came running up to me on the street in front of the library and asked for my last name. Reader, please understand that I was 17 in 1974 and I had absolutely no idea why he was asking for it. I was confused and I told him my name. My relationship with him lasted for a year and a half. I thank him for introducing me to picnics with wine and bread and cheese at Reservoir Hill, and to love. Early in my relationship with him, one day we were going skiing up north in his green Datsun. We got a bit lost and ended up in Elmira and they were closing the roads because of the snow storm becoming a major blizzard. We kept going and I'm not sure whether it was that my internal safety monitor instilled by my parents didn't connect the dots, or whether I was snow blinded by love and perhaps feeling that I had no say. We slid off the road and the car overturned. We were okay. I was hanging by my seatbelt after having been showered by skis and apple cores. He unhooked me and we looked at the upside down Datsun. Then, down the road came a fellow on a bicycle. I'm not kidding. He was probably in his sixties, maybe seventies and he said, "can I help you, son?" He said, "maybe you can help us overturn the car?" And he did. The fellow rode off and we tried to start the car to no avail. So we went to the nearest farmhouse, knocked and asked for help. The fellow said "I don't know, I'll have to ask the boss" and shut the door. I was pretty cold by now and confused. I was in a sort of "take what happens" mode. The fellow came back after a while and said "The boss said we can't help, we have to go to church." He'll grow up to be a nice Christian boy

Now I have twenty letters in my name, soon I will have 21. I love him in a way that I cannot comprehend. Everything I do brings me closer to him I could dismiss that, saying that it is because I want to be closer to him but too much is ruled by fate. But somehow fate is not enough to bring us together again. There must be a way. Want to ask him to dinner. I think he must make the next move. Meanwhile I must wash and study for school. I wonder if he saw me at Tim Horton's on Saturday? I wanted him to come into work tonight. I even went to Horton's after.

A Valentine

He snatched a child from the wind
and showed her she was a woman.
He took her in his arms
and told her she could fly
above an ugly world
where he made his lies,
but he called her part of it
when he saw it reflected in her eyes.

Jealous of beauty.
You can't be choosy.
I love a man who is
not worth my love.

When he saw she understood,
no thought she ever could
and he knew he couldn't
keep her anymore,
ending one who would be woman.

She wears her clothes
like she wears her men.
The windows open but
there's snow on the ground,
so I guess you better not
come around.
I've got pictures of you
frozen in my mind,
like weathered statues
in a churchyard.

You go down to the junction,
make your moves, make your point.
The lady with the lonely eyes
will give you what you want.
She's got the memories,
nothing to lose
and you don't care.

I don't know if you
hear me now?
I don't know if you
want to?
You never were one for
listening anyway.
I know I'm probably interrupting
some Satanic seduction,
just hear me out.
You only listen to yourself,
and you know damn well you're a liar,
so you don't believe a thing you say.

Love of my life, my heart, my soul,
embodiment of everything I feel I know,
he who fills me up with that

which I never knew I lacked is
a completion of myself.

Ephemeral are the promises
 shaped with love's hands
 seen by love's eyes
 spoken with love's words
for they pass with time,
take them not in the earnest
 with which they are given,
for they are ever changing
 as the moods
of the delicate human heart.

At The Dark End Of The Street

At the dark end of the street,
that's where we always meet,
and in the shadows where we don't belong.
Living in darkness to hide our wrongs,
you and me at the dark end of the street.

I know the time is going to take its toll,
we're going to pay for that love we stole,
but it's a sin our love comes on strong.
You and me coming on strong.

They're going to find us.
They're going to find us.
Someday we'll steal away
to the dark end of the street.
Just you and me,
at the dark end of the street.

If you take a walk downtown
and you find some time to look around,
if you should see me and I walk on by,
darling please don't cry, for tonight we'll be,
at the dark end of the street,
just you and me.
Just you and me.

Cold Chain

If you leave soon I will follow,
if you sink the chain,
brush the snow from your hair . . .

If I sink the chain,
I cannot leave,
nor can you follow
for you are the anchor
at the end of the chain,
which keeps my ships
from sailing away.

An anchor plunged
into the depths of the sea
or did you mean the toilet chain,
in which case
a different kind of plunging,
a different kind of ship,
and I, the tidy bowl wo-man.

Yes the snow in my hair,
white on black, brushed away
for it will not melt,
though I stand on the deck,
full sun shining, it will not melt.

The cold of the depths
is within my heart,
my head, my soul,
the cold of the depths
which you transport to me,
up the chain of command
from the anchor plunged so deep
on the icy floor in the icy tank,
contained.

Day After Day

I feel your changes, see the
 people watching you,
man child knows the child
 fading slowly away,
becoming a longing and
 reflection of another,
a woman he loves and she
 is his lover.

He is so very young but his
 life is very old.
He is so weary of working
 but his love is never old.
He does not hear the words
 the darkness hides inside him.
He only knows the wanting for
 the way to make him whole.

Man builds red brick worlds
 but doesn't know what to grow within,
and his castles in the air
 would tumble from the sky,
for no foundations are under them,
 so how could he stay on high.

The sun is breathing deeper
 in the twilight now,
drowning in the clouds and
 the seasonal sighs as
he draws a silent picture screaming,
 but it all faded slowly away,
and it's only a day after another day.

Moonlight blowing through
 the window,
spotlight on an angel,
dark hair wild on the pillow.

Turn out the light,
if you can reach it
 without leaving me,
maybe in the darkness
the words won't seem
 so hard to say,
and those cracks in the
 conversation,
won't have any meaning
and you can hide your
 soul from me,
so that I may always
 believe
that it is beautiful.

It's early morning grey
looking over the city,

 waking.
I hear you behind me,
breathing softly at my
 shoulder,
and I know you're wondering,
 does she want me.
The aloneness without
 the lights,
or can I hold her?

Can I hold my soul
 from you
so that you may always
 believe that it is beautiful.

Run away boy, run away from
 the gypsy,
she'll only leave you when
she hears her sister's calling.

Die With Me

Die with me my love
and I will hold you
and your wife, she will
 please you
and give you smiles I
 cannot,
but I will always be
 there,
weaving desire in your
 heart,
and yes I will tempt you
 when you see me.
I am timeless, I will wait
and you will always be
 reaching for me.

Fragments

You claimed that you owned me,
though you knew you had no right to,
and I consented to be yours
'cause I knew you needed me.
But looking back now,
I keep asking
what you needed me to be.

You tell me I'm the only one
that you ever needed,
but then you say goodbye,
just like it didn't mean a thing.
What is it that I give you
that you come for when you're down?
It must be what you want
because you keep hanging around.

It seems I'm not enough for you.
You always leave me alone,
if you're empty without me,
why do you let go?

If you're loving someone else
you can't say that you love me.
A man and a woman,
how simple it should be.

Aren't I enough to make you whole?
Don't I complete you with my soul?
Don't I give you all my love?
Didn't I love you?

I know you like things romantic.
You want to see the movie end
with the long-lost lovers reunited,
fated to be once more, hand in hand.

But I don't want to see you someday,
in some dirty old café,
'cause I'll be the one that leaves alone,
saying I didn't need you anymore.

I've come to say my last goodbye.
We both know that I've been waiting.
I've wasted hours just saying your name.
Afraid to lose in case you call mine again.
But this waiting is getting lonely,
either way I'll never win.
I think my need to love you
has become just needing to be friends.

And you're the one I cry.
Do you cry for me anymore?
You've circled round me with a vision,
our visions are the same,
but somehow you closed your eyes
and called them yesterday.

Child man, you take me so far.
Why are you afraid?
I won't know you till I know.
What it is that makes you cry.
You're misleading me, Mark.
You're feeding me lies.
You're killing me with your eyes.

One person.
Oh wild man with eyes that speak of fire,
and burn through mine,
surrounding me and seeing
the shadows of my soul.
Surround me with your history,
I burn in your desire.

You've been spinning lies,
flying round and round,
don't you know
there's supposed to be peace
at the centre of the storm.

Single women take your time,
use the loneliness to find the peace,
you're only going to know love
if without it you're complete.
Take the time.

You never could stand
being one of a pretty pair,
you like a woman on your arm,
trust no one knows is there.
A love like ours doesn't die.

It just turns to hate and then to pain.
No one knows why it changes.
Can't even find someone to blame.
And the people keep on talking
about the things they blindly see
and the martyr's keep denying
the things they want to believe
and the guitars keep on playing,
people join in with songs they know,
except the ones about love
because the sadness might show.
I'll be up when you drive by.
I know you'll see the light on,
half wishing you'll stop
and come to my window.
Half hoping you just drive on.
I don't know what I'd say to you?
Babe, you've done me wrong.
I'll want to through my arms around you,
but I'm going to have to be strong.

Don't come back
until you've said goodbye
to your lovers.
Don't call me until
I'm all the
freedom you'll need.

Don't walk away
when I'm talking to you.
You don't respect me
and I don't trust you.
I'm done feeling sorry.
Turn around right now
or Babe, we're through.
I'm filled with anger,
filled with fears
about the loss of all those years
we had planned to spend together,
promises we made,
and hopes that we had,

they all seemed to disappear.

He looked right through me
to someone in his past.

Hide your soul from me
so that I may always believe
that it is beautiful.

If you love me tell me.
If you tell me love me.

Grey

It's early morning grey
looking over the city waking.
I hear you behind me
breathing soft on my shoulder
and I know you're
wondering does she want
the aloneness with the lights,
or can I hold her?

Can I hide my soul
from you
so that you may always
believe it is beautiful.

Hello It's Me

No I don't want to
see you. . .
Believe me, you're
better off
in my fantasies.

Depression, anxiety
manifests itself in
idleness, boredom,
compulsiveness -
got to move around soon.

I Cannot Draw your Face

My love, I cannot draw your face
though I sit for hours believing
I remember you near me.

My pencil shades and contours
glimpses in my mind
of your cheeks and eyes.

Should I let my fingers draw you?
They often touched and learned you
though my head was turned.

But I fear a strange image
for my fingers were blind
to your reflection in my eyes.

This is how I knew you.
This my love was your disguise.

I Look Back Sometimes

I look back sometimes,
I glance back sometimes,

at a man with a mirror
in his hand to hide his face.

If you've got an answer,
let me know.
Even if it's just for a problem
all it's own.

But if you've found
a hideaway.
Don't bother looking for me,
you know what I'll say.

I'm a proud and simple woman,
taking my sweet time.
I don't need your uncertainties
and stained glass alibis.

It Ain't Me Babe March 15 1978

Go melt back in the night,
everything inside is made of glass.
There's nothing in here anymore
and anyway, I'm not alone.
You say you're looking for someone
to pick you up each time you fall,
to gather flowers constantly,
to come each time you call.
A love for your life and watching mine.

But it ain't me Babe,
No No No it ain't me Babe,
I'm not the one you're looking for.

I Remember Warm Nights

I remember warm nights,
your arms and eyes holding me,
champagne and movie memories.
Now you say that love is cold,
where did it go?

Sometimes I wish
that you held me with
 your love again.
No, I don't just need attention,
you knew there are so many men
who have had to share,
I don't want to be there.

Soft touches.
I remember silent promises,
but were they made
 or just heard?
I guess I've learned
when you believe a
 martyr's lies,
he's only asking you
 to die for him.

Sometimes I wonder
how you held me with a heart
like yours changing and untrue,
but then I see you again,
babe, you were never that strong.
It was my heart that bound me to you.

Jealousy

Sweet lover,
I who once trembled at your touch
now shudder at the thought
of your easy kisses
on lips not mine.

Do you mock
our nights together
and call them no more true
when you touch you are warm,
I know your ways.

I hate you
with passion matched only
by the love which I once gave you
surrendering my soul
to you.

Leave me alone
even my hate contents me
even as in my love
I can find no peace without you.

Love Comes From Unexpected Places

Love comes from the most unexpected
places.
In someone's eyes you've never met
who'd like to get to know you.
In someone's smile you can't forget.
And all the music plays on in your mind,
take all the love that you can find
and if love takes you in,
take all the love that you can find,
and hope it comes again.

Love comes from the most unexpected
places,
a love song on the radio you've never heard
before,
in halls that thrive on loneliness
where people sell their sorrow for your time.
They take the love that they can find
and if love takes them in,
they take the love that they can find
and hope it comes again.

Love comes in many ways,
In lovers eyes and sweet bouquets,
but if nothing's said then nothing's heard.
So here I stand outside your door,
and I'm trying to tell you just once more
that I love you. I still love you.

Love comes from the most unexpected
places,
alone again I search a street of faces
where strangers look the other way.
They're so afraid my smile might say "come
in."
So take the love that you can find
and if the love takes you in,
take all the love that you can find,
and hope it comes again.

Marcus

May time and place always
be as a circle, that no matter
how far we travel or in what
direction we are always
growing nearer, and regardless
of the passage of time the
missing of the lover will
always be coupled with
excitement at his returning.

Mark

For you friendship is
a convenience. You don't call me,
and then consider the
mere pleasure of your company
granted to me upon our
chance meetings to be an
ample gift of this friendship.
That which is not sought is
rarely valued.

Reminding You

Mark, I think you've
forgotten what love is.
You, pretend that it's part
of your other self.
Something that you've
grown out of. Well
I'm going to have to remind you.

Relax with my love,
it's not going anywhere.

I think of times
we made up our minds
to go our separate ways
and I laugh at how
we justified it,
but darling I don't mind saying:

I know you too well,
don't need to be your fantasy.
I've seen you oh so gentle,
that style doesn't work on me.

My Lover's Gone

Fire statues frozen in my mind.
My lover's gone.
Only thing can melt them is
my love's eyes,
the sun is gone.

I've been cursed with the
shadow of a man,
it's a cloud over my head
can't you see?
It doesn't rain, it doesn't.
Let me breathe,
it just hangs there leaving
me in darkness.
My lover's gone.

I keep hearing screams of
lover's lost centuries ago.
I'm running, trying to fight
my way out of the mire,
but it seems that all those people
here are almost the same.
You can't escape until you
find your heart.
My soul is gone.

Trapper's set his snare and
then left me to die.
My lover's gone.
Let me buy my freedom please,
where do I sign?
My eyes are gone.
My lover's gone.

No Lights On November 12 1977

My father sits at night with no lights on.
His cigarette glows in the dark,
the living room is still.
I walk past the master
bedroom where
my mother reads her magazines.
I hear her whisper softly
sweet dreams,
but forget how to dream.

But you say it's time
we moved in together,
raised a family of our own,
you and me.
Well that's the way
I've always heard it
should be.
Do you want to marry me?

My friends from college
they're all married now.
They have their houses and
their lawns.
They have their silent
empty nights angry dawns.
Their children hate them
for the things they love.
They hate themselves
for what they are
and yet they drink, they
laugh.
Close the wound, hide the scar'
but you say . . .

You say that we can keep
 our love alive.
Babe, all I know is what I see,
the couples cling, they claw,
drown in love's debris.
You say we'll soar like two
 birds
through the sky
but soon you'll cage me
 on your shelf.

I'll never learn to be
just me first by myself.
But you say . . .

Player Of Pain

Singing the words of love
but the time it is sorrow,
seems they always play
 together,
making me afraid of tomorrow.

They're the players of pain.
Take the post and saving it
 round again
and before you know it
you're with the one
that you swore was no good,
and you know that he's no good.
Maybe his face has changed
and he's got a different move,
but you know
hell come and go
and leave you crying
 every time,
'cause his soul is the same.

There's a man over there
making me turn my head in shame
cause he knows something
 about me
and he's not saying.
He's the player of pain.
Takes the past and swings
 it around again.
And before you know it
you're with him
and you swore he was
 no good
and you know that is
 no good.

You let him come and go
'cause somehow he's got control
and he leaves you crying
 every time.

Crying alone.
Why do I come back for more?
What's in me
 that keeps on searching?
Are the only ones with what
 I desire,
the ones who teach me
 hunting?

I'm the player of pain.
Take the past and swing
 it around again.

And before I know it
I'm with the man
that I swore was no good
and I know that he's
 no good.
His face is the same

but I've learned to weep
 his name
and I know he'll come
 and go
and leave me crying
 every time.
His soul hasn't changed.

Then

You gave me a dream
woven of colors
of our days together,
and the nights that forever
were filled with warm touches,
echoed of more.
What is hope for?

My love I am proud
to have loved you,
But ah, and how I
 would have loved
 you then.

You gave me a child
and I dreamed
of flowers she would gather,
smiles from her father.
I'll bear your child alone,
teach her of love like yours.
What is hope for,
 my love . . .

We'll grow old,
sometimes lonely.
Colors change
to black and white.
Wasn't our love right?
Will we meet again with reasons
only to leave once more
What is hope for,
my love . . .

There You Are

There you are sitting pretty.
Your lady in one hand
and your pride in the other.
You never could stand
being one of a pretty pair.
You like a woman on your arm
that no one knows is there.

Guess you're doing okay.
Fancy car and satin seductions.
Just close your eyes.
No interruptions.

You thought that giving away
old dreams would make you free.
You twisted the memories
when you realize you lost me.

You went down to the junction.
Made your moves and made your point.
Found someone to impress,
lonely eyes to give you what you want.

But I saw you walking through a bar,
thinking that you're a king.
Well you're just another silly fool.
Don't you know nobody's looking.

To Mark

There's a woman who's been waiting
for a man who fell in love
with the ocean and the blowing wind,
and he thinks that it's enough
but he meets her for a while
and she follows 'till he's gone again.
Sometimes he calls her in an echo
and you know she tries to understand.

As she's looking in his eyes,
she tells a man that she is complete.
She asks them all to fall in love with her
so she can refuse them eternity.

Running barefoot through the forest
and wishing tears were years
she tries to catch her lovers spirit.
Finds instead that she's chasing fear.

I know a man who was a sailor.
I asked him if life was fine, he said,
we pay with all the lonely times, and
we know that love will end.
She told the man she loved
but he knew she only tried to please
for she runs when she hears an echo,
only to lose her body to the sea.

Touches Ma Visage December 05 1977

I have only to see you to love you.
I bear the torment of your absence.
But for that brief moment of cruelty
when your eyes stab into my heart,
reminding me of days and hours
spent in their endless warmth.

#

Touches ma visage
avec tes doigts
comme tu avait fait
Les jours quand nous avions
eu l'amour
sans les larmes, sans les
mentes
et tu n'avant tendu dans
tes bras.

#

But you'll be an artist
painting pictures of peace,
sweet magical places
to castle your spirit.

And I'll be a poet
and muse on the reason
why all of the people
see truth in your vision.

You Lie And You Cheat

January 16, 1980

You lie and you cheat.
Yeah, you're a real big man,
but you're the best damn lover
that I've ever had.

You know how to charm a woman,
fool her with wine and flattery,
I always knew your talk was cheap,
but you knew it never mattered.

I've had lots of men since you were gone.
It's so easy to find lovers
but I couldn't find the high
from any of the others.

I talk to your friends.
I make love with them too,
but you know when I'm holding them,
I'm touching only you.



One should always have something enjoyable to read on the train. An amusing if not admirable reason to begin a diary entry. So many changes in me, my life. Much time spent alone. Too much idleness. "Thy name's legion." from The Europeans" saw it tonight. I called Peter just now. Perhaps it is more than ill fate that I find my greatest attraction to married men. Perhaps it is unconscious design. I ate all day so that I would not see him tonight. I seem to fear involvement and yet by the number of times I call for Mark I desire it very much. Love me so that I may love myself. It seems that I find only physical desire for men. I must necessarily become "amazing" for myself not for purposes outside myself to gain Mark and to show them "what for." Tomorrow I go to London. I go in anticipation of being surrounded by the love of my family and in the fear of their expectations of me. I want to see Mark Verleyen and I fear that I know he will not fall in love with me (again). Silly me, not answering the phone when I knew it was Peter calling. I hope it was him but I didn't want to now if he hadn't. That's why I couldn't make love with him, never did.

**Maybe
for Peter ?**

Maybe we have a score to
settle.
May have loose ends to
tie.
Try to forget those lovers
who,
don't ask me for
humor,
I don't want to remind you
of the good times
we fought through a lot together,
came up empty handed.
Let's go through it again.
But maybe now we are wiser
and that makes it
worthwhile.
Don't you see, darling,
this is my last canal
to portage.
We wanted the same things
but we were trying too hard.
Maybe if we were to try again
and come out on the
good side.

April 10 1980



Made banana muffins. Saved six for Greg. I was accepted at Law School at Western. Went to Crosbys right away, champagne at supper. Made cookies for Richard's birthday. Looked all over town for a cookie jar. Latin Quarter first night, almost ran over Dennis S. coming out of the parking lot at Tim Horton's. Bought him a coffee and cookies. Must make him some muffins. He's going to make me a cookie jar. Love him so much, he's so special high school friend. I bought a super pair of running shoes and an ivory pendant. Michael Fagan is playing at the Latin Quarter and I gave him my number.

To Dennis

My gentle friend, your love has
 many shadows.
Yet from this darkness winds
 that breathe of life.
Blow cool upon my face and
 childhood knows
the yearning of what lies hidden
 in the night.

Dennis My Friend

My friend, what have you
 done to me?
Pulled the rug out from under?
Have I disappointed you?

I used to count on you.
The distance is unbearable
when I need to talk to you.

Phone numbers to call
and no one to answer
for this state I am in.

Sure, I took a lover,
thought I had your approval.
Is it selfish, is it wrong
to ask so much of you?

Don't believe in change,
like security in the old way,
puzzled by your manner.
Wasting so much time.

Used to call you my best friend.

Place To Be

If you want me to
 come with you,
then that's all right
 with me,
'cause we're both going somewhere,
but sometimes we just
 need a place to be first.

Easy Way Out

Looking for an easy
 way out.
Getting to me.
Calling on my old friends
to excuse me.

But it all comes back
to that old habit,
to believe I'd won.
I'll take the glory
 and fun.

But it all comes back
to that old habit,
to take the glory
 and run.

Never finish anything.
Never had too.
People say it looks good.

The Curtain Never Rose Today

The curtain never rose today
cause the waves stopped rolling,
the clock struck at 11:11
but I'm the only one who noticed.

Am I the only one who's left?
Where did all the people go?
You took them all with you
when you left after the show.
I'm so glad you could come.
I heard you didn't leave alone.

The headlines of the times
bore your name today,
but what it was there for
they didn't say.
Your picture was on page five,
no caption line.

Am I the only one's that's left?
Where did all the words go?
You never told me what was wrong?
Was I supposed to know?
Why you just left in silence,
no encore.

Can you hear me now?
I see you watching me
from every corner,
but I need your voice to lead me.

Am I the only one that's left?
Where did all the street signs go?
Standing in a doorway,
this costume is very cold.
Someone gave me your address
but the house had been sold.

Walmart

My friend. Not my friend.
This is a story
of a woman who is
a skeleton.
A woman who thinks
she can change the world
if only she can wake up.

Damn it. Damn it all.
Life is passing me by.
I want to live it,
but for the frustration.

If I won ten million,
I would bring
ten Africans to Walmart.
Walmart,
where everything you need
is there.

At Walmart,
what a pitiful example
of an everyday thought,
of everything that
is going wrong.

People grabbing
instead of giving.
The giving was what
made our species survive.
The grabbing and groping
was what allowed
the stronger to survive.
But Walmart is the problem
because it's not the solution.

I'm afraid of being alone,
my friend, not my friend.
I was married once.
Divorcing him was
a good thing I don't regret.
I need someone.

April 12 1980

*Made cookies and strudel. Ate the cookies so
no damned dinner. Get back emptiness
especially after last night. Went to see Swept
Away. Greg, I am so very fond of you. I
would like to say I slept with you because you
needed me but I can't. I did it because it is
nice to be able to give someone real
affection. That's what I need, not that it is
any substitute for love but I can close my eyes
and practice. I don't want to go to see Greg
tomorrow, it's wrong, I don't know whether
moralistically or relationship wise.
Thought: It is nice to come home and to see
where you are coming from. This is the
question we toss at others who confuse us,
The kind I hate are the ones who insist they
know. But we rarely ask ourselves. He has
been too casual. It's frustrating but I must
accept. The only way he'll ever give the kind
of love I want is if he comes to me. Greg, I
made love with you without asking for any
commitment. That was very hard for me to
do. Now I don't know what I am to you. If I'm
nobody, tell me so. If I'm important, more
than a friend, please show me? I'd rather this
weren't a phone conversation but it's going
to have to be. I have to know what's going on
with you.*

Poetry for Greg ?

Greg

Churches are good things,
bacon, pineapple for fruit,
rusty nails and cooking,
singing how beautiful He is.

Don't know whether
it's Ok to love you, because
good loving is good cooking,
and worshipping you is a good thing.

An Old Dance

Will you share my room?
Will you follow a few stars with me?

Making time is so hard to do, but,
spending it is easy with you.

Following too close.
Daring to breathe.
Too hard to change old habits,
bearing down on me.

I'm insisting on an old dance.
Meeting no resistance,
I find an easy impatience
where I might have tolerated one.

Mended Heart

My heart is not yet mended.
You found the tiny cracks
in my cement of silly putty
that hid them in the past
and I didn't mind at first.
They say love wounds all heals
but only the heart can
heal a heart
and yours is empty too.

Oh, I'll get by.
Lord knows I have
been spending days thinking
 of ways,
to make up for the
 love we had.
That heart that refuses
to believe that love has
gone astray.

Sure, I'm a fool,
but I'm a lover's fool
to keep telling myself
it's a heart that is still
 mending
from a love that lost
 its way.
It's a heart that doesn't
 understand
and a man who just can't
 stay.
Hearts not yet mending.
Lovers who can't
 believe what they say.

Empty Corners

Somehow you found the
empty corners of my heart.
The ones I thought I had
cemented over, sealing in
the ghosts of an old love,
that giddy love, young
love, first love.

But is this love new,
is this feeling, the one
you gave me, or do you
simply draw out memories?
One by one
with a glance, a word,
a touch making
them less painful with hope.

To Need Someone

To need someone,
such a power we give.
Such a part we trust
of ourselves to them, to him
that needs his touch,
his breath upon my face.
I feel his exhale,
his sleeping breath,
and do not know
of it to wish upon it,
speak my name again.

Whenever You Call My Name

But you always knew the
 word to the songs
 that you played.
All I could do was
 hum along.
And those words always
 meant so much to you,
but you always got
 the meanings wrong,
 always saw such beauty.
You showed me lightness too
but you taught me all about
 feeling good, not
just being between the two.

Everybody tells me that
 you're a liar,
but I've seen you watch a

child and smile.
I've followed as you ran to
find the perfect spot
for the promise and that's why
it means so much,
whenever you call my name.

December 04, 1980

Went out with John Bellone. Went to the Latin Quarter. Steve Vaughan Quartet. There were only three of them. Woke up this morning feeling absolutely shitty at 8:30. Sensations all over my body. Pumping and pushing and wet and straining and struggling to survive I am going to quit smoking and drinking except for the occasional single glass of wine. Going to dress up tomorrow for Dave. I thought of Dave Douherty and met him in Toronto.

Jean Meuller, Dennis Siren. Those people know that someday you'll be proud to have been there when I want to be an actress. Dave Douherty I can be an actress. You're right - get him.

I woke around 7, still drunk. Later woke at 11:00. I rode my bike shopping. Did contracts. Walked to the store and back. I had a fantasy of asking Dave to go for a drink, what if he refused. A good marksman only needs to take one shot. If that shot isn't enough, it's because he had the wrong bullet. Not every girl has a shotgun.

Poetry for Dave Douherty

A Kiss

A kiss in friendship
that turns friendship into longing.
Acquaintance removed
that never died.

That feeling of sexy.
Someone, something in there
that you missed when,
another caught your eye.

But was it there then, where
you only see the rainbow when it rains.
Were you there then,
I don't remember. Where was I?

Something knows me.
I didn't mean to follow you
as I have no chance.
I live in choices, but
was it really there then?

Dave

Such passions. Such
overwhelming passions.
Guarded hopes and still born dreams
and the ones that don't
pan out so well.

Not so sure
but sometimes it seems
that having you
is just another one of those.

Never asked you to be my
fairytale.
There you are like some
lonely unicorn,
leading me, making me behave.
Go to
the place where I was born.

Broken heart, deliver me alive,
send me there,
between the two.
Not much time spent
where love can hide me.
A dormant land,
unknown land.

I Dim The Light

I dim the light
and think about you.
Spend sleepless nights
to think about you.

Sometimes I sleep in the
middle of the floor.
Not going left,
not going right.

I thought
you would be
a one night stand.

I thought,
I would never
see you again.

I've Searched the World

I've searched the world,
well at least a part of it.
For a man who could be,
a part of me.
I thought I found you once
when I was young,
but that was just
a part of my youth,
not my truth.

My Love For You

My love for you comes easily.
I find patience
without needing a reason.
I was always the one
who had none for men.
You are not men.
You are man.
Without time there is no need
for patience.

Not Trying To Say

Not trying to say,
I can make
those stars come out tonight,
in the city.

You know the lights
light the clouds
from below.

I wonder if the trees
get confused,
by chance
in the direction they
are expecting.
The sun far below.

In the middle of the night,
does it really matter where
the light is coming from,
and who you are loving?
When the dark breaks,
it's the same.
There were no stars
in the sky tonight.

Pink Carnations on the table
and a drink in my hand,
thinking how it's been a fine night,
and how you're a fine man,
and wondering how I'm ever
going to make the stars,
come out tonight.

The Last Time I Saw you

The last time I saw you,
was the first time.
I needed Heaven beside you.
I realized that beauty
without you,
was like a knife through my heart.

But still I play.
I didn't push you and still,
I am silent about my love for you.

The Sun Comes Up

The sun comes up, and
I think about you.
The coffee cup sipping.
I think about you as
you said you loved me,
or were you just being kind,
or am I losing my mind?

The morning ends,
I think about you.
I talk with friends, and
I think about you.

I want you so.
It's like I'm losing my mind.

All afternoon, doing every
little chore.
The thought of you stays bright.

October 17, 1980

*Delicious thoughts about Max Steinkopt all day.
When he saw my tan he said I must have a tiny
bikini. He said I must look delicious on the beach.
In the restaurant he said see anything that excites
you. I'm looking at it. He's the one I asked God to
show me existed. Moving to Bloor and Jarvis in
November, He drives a Volvo. This morning I drove
to Fanshawe to watch Max row. Wonder if he was
looking for me - why he came to the pub. Greeted
me as if we were old friends. He works for Harris?
In Toronto. Met him at the non-law careers panel. I
hope he doesn't wait until next year to call? He's
Jewish and doesn't eat pork. Brown eyes, great
mouth, beautiful strong dancer, loves theater. Lots
of money made tonight.*

Poetry For Max Steinkopt

Ballet

The day leaped like a dancer
across the stage, out of bounds
touching down at a moment,
time for a glance and a smile.
Then off again, without a thought.

To Mr. Steinkopt

Going mad
 waiting
for you to phone.
Mad with joy
thinking 'bout that
 Sunday in October.
Another city.
Distant life.
All I'm talking about
is time
to see you in the morning
when the clock doesn't
 matter.

Thinking Of Max November 15 1982

Wearing high-heeled platform shoes,
feeling like a hooker,
drinking 'till it don't matter no more.
Morals aren't going to make the waiting any
easier,
the curtains are drawn and they (as I) were
torn.

Faking like a Pro and following prospects,
the fun's in the chase, don't matter if I win.
Lots back home who don't even bother
knocking before they come in.

Mamma, I'd write more often
but nothing ever seems to happen.
Sorry, I'm disappointed too,
swallow my pride and make my way in.

The streets don't make noise at 3am,
anything can happen and nobody to see.
I'm not scared but I'm fighting that haunting
feeling that no one gives a damn about me.

Running like a cab on Yonge Street and I'm
revving so fast, traffic jam keeps me slow.
Tired of fighting flashing lights and
weary of waiting for the big no show.

Mamma, I'd write more often,
but nothing seems to happen.
Sorry, I'm disappointed too,
swallow my pride and make my way home.

Poetry to a friend, Mike 1982-1997

To Mike

Hello old friend.
A friendly greeting to you, passing.
Can anyone see, I wonder
the flash of our eyes meeting.
Remembrance of warm nights,
of touches un-forgotten.
Can anyone know the wonder
that we have shared the closeness bond.

I remember your eyes waiting
and yet I loved another.
I shame at promises made
but were those really lies. I wonder.

The shadows of one night
all too unreal to lonely people.
Is it a crime to give,
when the heart is needing.

As I change to a better version
I blended my senses to you
but now I am whole again.
I need to love, do you?

Newfoundland

I smile when I think of you, Mike.
I can't touch you for
you are in Newfoundland
but I know you,
enough to know you
would feel the way I do
when I touch you,
when you are with me.

Here holding me,
unlimited, unconventional, unbelievable
underneath that blanket of snow,
breathing in the warm air of thought,
sorting out those questions of you.

Your chest, your hair, your eyes.
How do I spend a night apart
from the sound of your voice
echoing, responding, offering,
yet yielding no sound?

A soft pellet of snow falls
as I am on my way home
from the Talbot Street Greyhound,
kicking six inch sidewalk flurries

in determined elation.
Cars all fitted with Catalatic Converters,
silent exhaust and squeaky tires
on fluffy roads, salted to death.
I feel the cold,
wrap my cotton scarf tighter
as my hair freezes,
frost white and windy sharp.
I think East Coast thoughts,
feel you far away from me tonight.
For a short while, fright,
as I am walking home
along the white road,
alone.

Closed shops.
Windows.
Motionless tenants afraid to move
in their personal spotlights.
I stride in relative darkness,
jumping from streetlight puddle
to shoplight puddle.
I am aware of my silhouette,
flying East.

So Much Ugliness for Mark Goldberg

Never seen so much
ugliness in people dancing.
Doing what they can, just
to face up to something.
Hoping someone will notice
that they can feel.

Making out like I am
alone then
but who am I to judge?
They've found a way to
bear it.

All I can do is stare it,
and wish I could
fight so easily, and
not see the enemy.

Poetry for Nick Manos

Carved in Stone

Now I thought I could lose you
and turn all your memories to stone.
When all I wanted was to follow you
far enough behind to let you feel alone.

You're my unicorn.
They say there's only one,
a single star in a dark night.
But it's enough to lead me home.

How I thought I could leave you
behind with memories that
couldn't ever turn to stone,
and how I thought it would be easy
to turn around, just leave town,
then you're gone, or carved in stone.

Liars

Liars don't make saints
and lovers don't make friends.
The ones who love you
don't leave you.
They make mends.

Incite with passion
and fill with fear,
they won't cross you
but they will know
your love.

Run over roughshod
and counter all blows,
you'll be liberated.
It'll be easy for chance.

Bend over backward,
and they don't appreciate it.
Soon you'll find it
easy, but by then,
it'll be too late.

Playing In Your Yard

I don't want to play
in your yard.
I don't love you
anymore.
You'll be sorry when
you see me
sliding down my cellar door.

You can't holler down
my rain barrel.
You can't climb
my apple tree.
I don't want to play
in your yard,
if you won't be good to me.

I'm removing
the burnt candles
from the table
and rubbing at
a grease spot
on the cloth.

Realizing that I don't
miss you
while doing the dishes.
Glad when I'm done.
Glad you've gone home,
playing in your own yard.

Sonnet for Nick

Your love is like a chain of the finest gold.
I scarcely felt you place it 'round my neck.
I scorned to wear bright jewels at my throat,
but this so proudly placed, is so delicate.
At first I thought it surely must be stolen.
How could a young man ever cover the cost?
So quickly other claims were overthrown,
and now without your name I would be lost.

And love so foolish often carves its name,
on objects it could never hope to own,
but love so wise returns to its creator,
should fickle it perceive too for it's flown.

How gentle love can promise eternity.
How fearfully I ask if you are free.

**Maybe
Peter ?**

Maybe we have a score to
settle.
May have loose ends to
tie.
Try to forget those lovers
who,
don't ask me for
humor,
I don't want to remind you
of the good times
we fought through a lot together,
came up empty handed.
Let's go through it again.
But maybe now we are wiser
and that makes it
worthwhile.
Don't you see, darling,
this is my last canal
to portage.
We wanted the same things
but we were trying to hard.
Maybe if we were to try again
and come out on the
good side.

May 09, 1991



Two days before my wedding. London Community Players a few days ago and apologized for not getting back to him about Cakewalk, before the May 3rd reading. He understood. Seems they're sort of reserving it for me. That makes me feel good. Workshop today for Small Business Sponsorship of the Arts. Lots of folks at the LRAHM.

Rory naked at his place completely. It is my pleasant surprise that I am still learning from him. I like Rory because he is the only husband that I could ever have. I remember laying in bed thinking about being lonely and knowing that it would take an incredibly special man to make me give up that loneliness, which I have known and enjoyed, if truth be known. I just had a funny thought that our children may read this. I'm glad. My Mother - I know so little about him - so my children read on.

January 05, 1995

I am sorry I married Rory, but then if I hate it, would I marry Alnoor. A Catch 22.

Dinner tonight with Rory. I was asleep when he came home. He didn't freak out and thought I was drunk. I was saying how I want to leave everything, as with you, an actor, there are more people in the audience than on stage. Rory is so pathetic. He wouldn't be so angry if he didn't love me. I think that is the hardest thing for him. He kept calling me a whore, a bitch, yes, slut, yes, but whore, no. I don't charge. At least he recently lived up to his inadequacies. He is not so nice. Rory put all of my clothing, my dresses etc. in the spare room. Said he was taking over the bedroom. He is pathetic. The worst is that he read this diary. That is unfortunate.

January 15, 1995

I have decided to leave Rory. He asked last night if I would come to bed with him - No. Never! I don't know what I said. I am such a renegade, thinking about Mark, the bedroom window, HoJo's, all the things I do are not PLV. That's the problem with Rory. He's staid, no adventure. I will not retire from life. I want to ride in the adventure mobile, even if it is an orange truck.



Rory Poems

To Rory

You don't seem to have a choice
where I am coming from.

You, to my mind, tried to control it.

When you couldn't you
tried to destroy it.

That must frustrate you
even further, that you
just can't destroy me.

Go Well and Give Well

Go well and give well,
in your time, our time.
It has many moments
and we can share them,
or seek to steal them,
wish some love, or
gather our possessions,
our thoughts and suspicions,
around us like a womb,
around us like a tomb.

We die with our thoughts.
We die with our love.
Funny isn't it, darling,
that it just doesn't matter,
but do we realize that, no.
Go well my friend
and give well, because,
what we do really does matter.

If we care, if we share,
our time, our life, our thoughts.
Go well and give well.

It Doesn't Amaze Me

It doesn't amaze me that I have
given friendship that is perhaps
worthy of return, that of friends
amazing me not freely giving,
expecting worth.
I await my turn.

Thinking how my family always
treated me as if I was an alien being.

Something will be very
important to you,
and you explore that moment
and then it's gone. Forgotten.

Or is it that you trust,
that it will follow you.
The realization of the giving
is such a difficult thing.
The one's accepting.
They didn't realize
that it was happening.

I Am Not The Loser

It doesn't have to be
an ordinary day.
It doesn't have to seem,
like the seconds fly away.

I don't think that it means
that I am losing.

It never bothered me that
he left the toilet seat up, snored.
I never felt as though he was
invading my space. He permeated
my space, invited himself into my space.

I am not the loser.

Rory (again)

You don't get to tell me what to do
anymore.
You don't get to give me
what you think is right
anymore.
Because I left instead of staying with you.
You expected me to.

No, I don't want to share
anything more with you,
until you share with me.
You've read my Diaries,
you've pushed me to extremes
and I don't want to give anymore.
There, that's now on the floor.
Dreams, but it's still my floor.

We Keep Derailing December 14 1995

We keep derailing
over something new,
getting back on track
is so hard to do.

I keep feeling
that I'm trying to speak
to a reaction to
something you've been through.

Or you're dealing with
at the time,
what ever it is
I can't define.

Please tell me and
I will listen
as you tell me.
Do you trust me.

I am so poised,
an energy machine
and so my chances
speak so plainly.

With it remaining
giving nature,
I embrace you,
stay or go, sir.

Rory

Jumping over man-made steps,
we fling ourselves at each other.
At the end of the day
you turn and move
restlessly in your sleep.
I ask you, nothing,
no response.
Your sleeping face

with more wrinkles
than waking.
You are all elbow's
and knees.
You're too hot,
throwing the blanket.
Blame the blanket.
What's wrong?
Nothing is too hot.

Rubber Bands

Distance from you is like an elastic band.
Now grown weary in its stretching.
There was a time it would draw me back
to you inexplicably to wherever you had been.

I travelled on my own line, your distance,
like those maps of airline flight magazines,
and return a connection to another point of
departure.

Sometimes This Scared Person Says

Sometimes this scared person in me whines,
what maybe, if I had stayed with him,
what a stupid thing to think in rhymes.
I feel alone. I feel thrust out. Abandoned.
I am no longer that kid whose forehead,
falling, would hit the store's counter top.

That's Not Love

How could he possibly hit someone
he said he loved. That's not
love, it's pride of ownership.

I am gaining
time with every breath,
with every moment,
I don't hesitate.

I am taking
time that wasn't mine
in the first place.

But damn, it is mine now.

And I shape it.
I make it
better than it was.
I can place it there,
if I can just remember
how I was before.

December 14 1995

We were derauling
over something new.
Getting back on track
is so hard to do.

I keep feeling
That I'm trying to speak
to a reaction to
something you've been through.

Or you're dealing with
at the time,
what it is,
I can't divine.

Please tell me and
I will listen
as you to me,
do you trust me?

And I am so poised,
energy draining
and so my choices
speak so plainly,

with my remaining
giving nature,
I embrace you.
Stay or go, sir!

Absurd

Absurd
shenanigans.
I cannot afford this.

Your excitement at the process
made evident by your behavior.
Your continuing speaks of
your ability to afford this.

I don't want to:
"take you for everything"
or any of those much used
locker room phrases.

Let us simply get on with
life - those are your words
on my answering machine.
They were before I went
to the Police Station. No,
I don't apologize for that,

I gave them the information and
they laid the charges and
proceeded with it.

Which brings me to my property.
Give it back please!
Let's simply negotiate a return.
By the way, I'm returning to bed.
Your move.



she cast no shadow

**Cathy Inculet
&
Wayne Ray**

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the abyss

He had seen her light on
through the window darkly,
each morning after work.

He tried to cross the abyss
of asphalt to her door,
yet felt helpless like snowfall on cedars,
ready to melt.

Why didn't she look out the window
just to see the morning light that paled
against his heart.
Again and again he tossed it toward her door,
a snowball getting smaller in a slowly melting roll
across the black and wide sun warming road
until only a tiny snowflake at its core was left to
reach and softly kiss her door.

ode to del for wayne

He tipped the waitress
with whom he had been flirting
innocuously, innocently, in well received fun
he lasciviously tucked a two dollar coin
beneath the saucer
feeling its movement
imbuing it with his essence
metal touching cheap crockery
a symbolic molecular contact
that could never be a melding
and in the infinitesimal distance
lay the chasm of the joke
that might jolt her when she cleared the table.

The Sound of Your Femininity

Though some would disagree,
I find the sound of your femininity
soothing, I close my eyes.
Dream precipitation dreams
and know that she is calm again.

Calm! What, me calm?
Precipitating? Can rain sleet and
snow all over you!
Or I can send a soft mist
to embrace you.

True, you can rain in on me,
bathe the conscious unconsciousness but,
the sound of your femininity is soothing
whether your winter of discontent
hides in the brambled forest of your love
or reflects in the still waters.

My femininity is there
for your choosing,
for your asking,
I am glad it soothes you.
Perhaps like a walk in the forest
Perhaps like a cool swim with no clothes on.
Forest of my love?
Oh Come On!
Who are you trying to impress?
My love is not a forest,
It is a single tree which managed to grow
in a single spot of cultured sunshine.

She fed him pasta
and conversation.
He ate and listened.
Too much at times.
He wrote his thoughts
on the gastronomic and
wanted them published,
so he could become
Mr. Globe & Male.

Have you finished yet?
She asked,
watching him lick his fork
of herb and spice tomato sauce
He was surprised
that she had asked.

Would you like something else
She asked.
He said no, licked his fork,
left an unfinished plate
and sat down to read the paper.
Yesterday's news.
No matter.
He savoured it as deliciously
as he had his pasta,
and with more interest.
She licked her fingers
but it was only to turn the pages
She wasn't pretending to read.

Yes, I was reading,
in my heart leading,
and my friend,
you were patient,
and did not consider
my reading
as superseding
our friendship.

Will you lick your fingers to
turn the pages?
Or will you consider the pages
And the licking
to be indicative to our friendship?
Lick, my friend.
Turn pages.

I rose up from the bottom for cathy

1 God Damn it Max!
2 0 God the railings missing
3 1 love you leave your wife
4 Remember when we recited poetry in the snow
5 In the old house there was a fire, I was scared
6 I love you where are you
7 Climb up and get that wrench out of the tree
8 If you can come in and sign the house papers
today, I
10 Mommy - Daddy
I rise up from the bottom of the stairs
crimson eye lid stains on the window sill
and adam/eve pain in my chest
to faintly see the cat at the top still
unmoved, licking her ass as I landed on mine.

I Thought Sex Was Just for Courting for cathy [Rory threw her down the stairs]

Really, I thought sex was just for courting,
for poking the pud after a good meal when
the flowers you gave her were in her eyes,
and your mind just wasn't on the wedding
but wedged in the dark moist of her thighs.

Really, I thought sex was just for courting,
it's been so long I wondered why she wept,
and how she wanted to keep it up all night

when I could have slept and the making
of marriage would do things up all right.

She's replaced me with the spices of the East
and oiled her body to be a culinary delight.
Her cucumber legs and creamy yogurt thighs
on a pita bread bum can be quite a feast
but I prefer to work like all the macho guys.

I tried to show her who the boss should be,
that she should show more respect for me,
but she fell on my fist and now I'm sulking
because I thought sex was just for courting.

her house needed dusting

Generally, she considered the
mail, to be unimportant.
Less important than her chairs anyway,
but at least the floors were polished
and the house was landscaped.
But her house needed dusting
and her mail needed dusting,
in that indescribable way
of frustrating things.
Dusting is such a waste of time, she said,
like getting the mail every day.
Was the potted plant too green
or the thoughts of dusting overblown?
Who wanted to move the bicycle, anyway?
Damn it all, even the plants are dusty.
Dusting plants? Don't we have anything
better to do?
The bicycle is my business.
Yes, its dusty.
None of your business.
Why is the cat the only one
in the house that can scratch its back?
I could if I tried but the Venetian
blinds are open to the neighbors.
Okay, so I will close the blinds.

They're pretty dusty anyway,
and I will try to lick my back . . .
Just Did It!
You Missed It!
Too Late!
Too bad!
Were you not paying attention?
To the mail and chairs and the dust and me?
The mail is delivered.
The chairs sat upon.

The dust scattered,
 and I am all of that.
 Rooms and rafters, kitchen sink,
 Oh God, I forgot about the tiles,
 and the empty fish tank.
 Screw the dust and put the lid down!
 Shuffle, shuffle. Room to room.
 Trees on the lawn, grass is green,
 so are the walls, golden mailbox,
 Golden shower to wash the dust.
 Save the grapes!
 Yes, yes, I'll feed the fish.
 They yell at me.
 You don't need me.
 Cat drinks the guppies water
 and not the guppies themselves.
 Survival of the fattest, but
 my weight loss has my pants
 falling down, scuffing dust.
 No belt, no mail, no more grapes.
 My cat drinks the fish water.
 Do you have a problem with that?
 If you don't want dust on your cuffs
 next time, bring a mop!
 Sorry, I didn't mean to say that.
 You brought your friendship
 and that was more than enough,
 more than receiving mail,
 much better than dust.

I will give you string
 to hold up your pants, my friend.
 I will buy you a belt
 if that is what you need.
 As for the grapes,
 they are fungible things.
 I can get some more.
 Be content my friend,
 in grapes and love.
 Grapes and Love?!
 All the while, I've sat on the stairs
 and observed your eating habits,
 cleaning habits . . . but love?
 Place a grape in your naval,
 I will eat it.
 Show me your vine and I will
 make wine, but love?
 Dust that off and your mail box
 will be full, maybe I don't need
 a belt to love your dust,
 your fish. Feel my shadow!
 Bring me my wine! . . . and the mail!

Place a grape upon my chair my love.
 I checked my mail
 and there was no letter from you.
 My cat looked at me, askance.
 I just needed communication
 from someone from you
 from a potted plant
 from my cat from a fish.
 I placed a grape on my chair,
 next to an unopened letter.
 Stairs are funny things,
 they assaulted me once
 or maybe it was caused by the cat,
 no matter.
 A shadow being cast
 when one goes up and down the stairs.
 If no shadow was cast,
 then did I not go up,
 or down, or was sunlight
 the only factor, on my back
 or in my eyes.
 Blinded by the thought of high noon?
 Nah, they were Venetian blinds,
 slats of light.
 No high noon here.
 Today anyway.
 To someone who used to live here.
 I sat and looked at them
 My cat looked at me.
 I don't think the fish cared.
 Used to live here? I live here still!
 Among the dust and the clutter
 or your grapevine heart.
 Place the cat on your lap, listen
 to the soft rhythm of the fish tank.
 Close your eyes and feel
 my empathetic love, my letters
 are written on the dust hanging in the air.
 When you move from room to room,
 I speak to you, I can be read
 on everything if you just open your heart.
 Sleep and my letters settle on your eyes.
 I touch your skin, taste your sweet wine.

Save the grapes!

Two Jim

In all the world he did not know
how to say I love you
to the ones that mattered the most.
No,
It wasn't that he didn't know how to say it,
it was that he did not know how to say it so
that they would understand.
In all the world she did know
how to say I love you
to the ones that mattered the most.
It wasn't that she knew how to say it,
it was that they did not know it
when she smiled and her lips didn't move.
But he said it anyway
to the still lips that screamed I love you.
Eyes were opaque
and they became two mouths talking.
Drum and anvil poised, unused.
I love you.
Doesn't matter.
Wait come back,
I wanted to . . .
I wanted to . . .
Never mind

They pulled away from the mirrors, speaking
thoughts intermingled in time/space
simultaneous hearts bleeding until
in person he read her lips, understanding.
She heard his voice vaguely, understanding
and they stood there
wanting to hold hands
both too shy to go first,
lost in the barrens of closeness.
I love you he thought.
I love you she thought.
She smiled, he was looking at her hands.
He could not raise his eyes
Try as he might
To look at her eyes
He got to her mouth
Back to her hands
Hands mouth hands
Damn it why wouldn't she look at him
And then he knew
She didn't need to

Twelve Steps

for cathy

Drinking makes me relax
and the night sky's
moon shadow every addict smile
will fade one day soon.

Drinking, pull that moon shadow
off my shoulders, relax
my stars, my no sun day
or all night moon shine.

Only twelve steps to sunlight,
a day I've not seen
in a life time of
drinking. Shall I relax?
One more time . . .
One more Time.

Unfinished Poem

One day more.
If you would hold me
One day more
and do not judge me
or ask me
what for.
Before, I just felt
comfortable.
Now I just feel naked
when chatter
interferes with my fantasies.
Are you naked yet?
I m lying here and
gyrating with the
overhead fan blowing
a cool breeze
toward my lungs.

The Underbelly of Life

for cathy

Seeing you in a night shirt
that hides the underbelly of life
as if the dark side of jeans
was not enough to inspire warmth,
standing half-naked in the shadows
of my imagination I kneel down
and kiss the smile that no one sees.

Wrenchly on Elias

June 16 1999 , for Catherine

There are new roots
in my yard from the
not yet a tree, tree.
What life force guides these tendons
into the rooms when the
new skin of wood clings
to the walls. Leaves become
painted onto the lattice skeleton
as the not yet a tree, tree
comes alive.

From the outside of the house
a light is seen while the flowers
bloom near the stairs, filling
the upper rooms with life.

The not yet a tree, tree
grows through me.



The following poetry are all the un-dedicated poems that Cathy had written, no particular order and a few questionable reasons for writing some of them. She had a short and wonderful life and is still missed. She passed away from a heart attack on March 31, 2015 when I found her in the living room upon a visit, three days after she asked me to marry her. I said yes. Wayne Ray 2025.

Alcoholic '02

I am an alcoholic but
I am so advanced, I remember
where I forgot things.

I fell down the stairs
carrying up a dish of food,
ended up at the bottom.
No real damage, will
probably discover the
bruises later.

But my glasses. Gone.
Locked in the bathroom
case. Alcohol had them
when I fell.

Altered Perceptions

You alter my perception of me who've wanted
men.
Sometimes they were kind but even so selfishly.
So you say I am something special, say maybe.
I'm just making time for you, replacing someone
who made you happy, a woman who's fair
but no way to find her. She's in your cards.
Please just stop waiting, I can be like her.

I met you at a bar, funny I usually drink alone.
You didn't catch my eye, and you were seeing
someone,
still you say she breaks your heart.
I drink too much and I've given to love
that didn't really play its part.

Making tracks in the white snow.
Never dared to do that before.
Left the fire, left the house where
you knew it was very warm.

And you say you will stay,
show me how I have my faults,
call me a cynic, call me scared,
That you'll be gone when I turn around.

Seeing you tonight and wanting you tough,
Driving you home and stopping short,
pretending it will be all right.

Nobody matters but they're all watching.
Careful now, I'm not the night.
I always feel like I'm kissing you.

So you say I am something special -
selfishly I say maybe.
I'm just making time for replacement.
You didn't say I Love You, tonight.

The Will

And so he laid down the pen with a smile
His children would be cared for, his will
done.
A sound outside, not a dog barking, not an
engine backfiring
A bird, a crow, squawking out the miseries of
life.
What the hell he said.
How can I give what I want to give after I
die.

Bad Poetry

I want to write
some bad poetry
to you my love.
I want to be maudlin
and totally self-absorbed.
I want to focus my attention
on myself,
and consider your penis.

Because

because fantasy is a funhouse mirror,
in which the man can be the child,
and checking his time, claiming it's
nonsense,
thoroughly enjoying it all the while.

Bettle of Rippleton Road

I'm Bettle of Rippleton Road
and I haven't a care in the world
so you simply must stop
in for a drop,
with Bettle of Rippleton Road.

Our gardens are lovely and green,
the house charming, white and clean,
and you know what a bore
its been since the war.
Visitors so rarely drop in for tea.

I'm Bettle of Rippleton road,
our family you know is quite old,
except for the last
generation and a half.
Everyone knew the Bettles of Rippleton road.

Can't We Make It Another Time?

Can't we make it another time?
Go away and leave me with what's still mine.
Don't you know I want you too much now?

You're not supposed to catch me off guard.
Not supposed to make me miss you so hard.

Just a guy who sometimes knows too well
he's got a smile that never fails.
Are you using that smile on me now?
Are you testing to see how far it will go?

Frantically I try to keep my ground,
a woman who's supposed to hear the sound
of her own voice calling out your name
when she's saying come or go,
it's all the same.

It's not that I am being suspicious
that I've learned to a little suspicious.
There's got to be a punch line soon
and you know how to laugh it off.

Not supposed to catch me off my guard.
Not supposed to make missing you so hard.
Trust a guy who sometimes tries to well.
He's got a smile,
damn the smile that doesn't fail.

Chain of Gold

Your love is like a chain of gold.
I scarcely felt you place it on my neck.
I scorned to wear bright jewels at my throat
but this so proudly placed, so delicate.
At first I thought it surely to be stolen.
How could a young man ever meet its cost?
So quickly other claims were withdrawn
and now without your name, I would belong.

Now loves so foolish and often carves your
name
on objects it could never hope to own,
but love so wise returns to its creator.

How gently love can promise eternity.
How fearfully I ask if you are mine.

Change

Change is not slow.
It hits you
a low blow.
Just when you thought
it was comfortable,
manageable,
doable,
then change is there.
A spectre at first,
you dismiss it.
Then it's real.

Children Don't Lie

Children don't lie.
They just see the truth
more clearly,
and parents don't
scold,
they just love their
children dearly.

Death

Death and what is death
to those who already have lived.
A simple thought,
a mere transition nothing gained, noting lost.
And yet an obligation to those we know who were.
Reserved my status and parenting,
an interval example of thankless action.

Tomorrow

Don't give me your tomorrow
all I want is today, and
don't tell me that you love me
when I've got something to lose
when you are gone.

How I thought I could leave you
anytime you didn't come around
and I thought you were crazy
when you turn around, leaving.

Don't ever talk about your secrets,
never was one fair game.
Don't ask your questions,
I'm afraid of what you'll say.

[possible for a play?]

Don't look at the crowd on the shore.
Don't listen or pretend they aren't there.
The sky is a blue, a beautiful blue.
Don't look at the crowd on the shore,
they are ugly.

(Bella Singh's at the end of the yard)
We hear them rejoice on the shore. They
say we are beasts and physical death is
no evil to us. It may be a blessing
else why pestilence and famine?
They say we are the enemies of Christ
the Prince of Peace. They will hate us
with a perfect hatred. They will blast
us with grapeshot and rockets. They will
beat us as small dust before the wind.

They say our appeal to the courts has
been dismissed. They say tonight the
Kamagata Maru will sail for India.
(Bastards It's right that we are here.)
This is not where we live. We will not see
your Uncle but we can't cross the ocean
without him.
For hundreds of years the Khybar Pass has
run with our blood. We are not afraid
to spill more of it here. Do you hear
me on the shore? We have suffered but we
have endured. We are tempered like steel.
We are always ready.

They are coming in an orderly manner.
Why Guru?
Stand back from the rail, get below.
They are really ugly.

(Bella Singh's at the end of the yard)
We hear them rejoice on the shore. They
say we are beasts. physical death is
no evil to us. It may be a blessing
else why pestilence and famine?
They say we are the enemies of Christ
the Prince of Peace. They will hate us
with a perfect hatred. They will blast
us with grapeshot and rockets. They will
beat us as small dust before the wind.

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run with our blood. We are not afraid
to spill more of it here. Do you hear
me on the shore? We have suffered but we
have endured. We are tempered like steel.
We are always ready.

They are coming in an orderly manner.
Why Guru?
Stand back from the rail, get below.
They have guns. Why Guru?

See the birds? Land must be near. Mountains, trees
then the island through the Pass. Your Uncle Mewa
will meet us. Look, soon we will enter the harbour.
See where your Uncle lies. That's where we will
live.
Look, a launch is coming! Maybe it's your Uncle.

Be careful you might fall.
The Immigration boat is stopping the launch.
Shh. Don't be afraid.

They want us to land. I've told you.
We've asked a judge to rule on Orders in Council.
Now go! Our food and water are rationed.
How long must we wait? Open the floodgates.
It's hard to explain to a child. Your father
was a soldier. He died fighting for the King
so now we come to live with your Uncle.
But first we must wait. Go to sleep.

The child is thirsty, cries.
I saw what you did. You think because I
have no man you can steal food from my
child? If you steal again I will come
when you steal and I will kill you, Gandu.

Don't worry, smile. It's only the water.
Don't worry, you are a very
brave boy. Your Uncle will like you.
Never initiate action. Let us sit on
the side where there is shade.

Why Guru?
Why Guru?
Hide.
Why Guru?
Why Guru?

We've gained nothing but time. We've driven
them back for only a while. What now we
must press for is food. I say it is
better that we starve on their doorstep
than at sea.

(Pandora's Box . . . later perhaps, let him
want)
Do you know something? My son's lips have
swollen and burst from thirst. They
are covered with grease from the engines.
My legs are like sticks. If I saw a real
meal I would vomit. And you think a
few guns will make our knees knock?
Safe hazard. Give us supplies and leave.

(I thought it was righteous to draw my sword)
We go back. My husband is dead. He
died in their war. His father is also
dead. He died when they cut back the
famine relief and I am a British subject.
My people's taxes have gone to their King.
I am not a possession, a thing. I am
myself and I will fight for myself and
my people and for my son. I am strong.

(Bella Singh's waits at the end of the yard)
We dock at the Bridge, fourteen miles
from Calcutta. We are to be
herded aboard trains and returned to
the Punjab although many of us
have not been there for years. We resist.
Police reinforced by the soldiers open fire.
Men who shared their rancid flour with
my son are dead. We will remember them.

(Bullet pierces my son's heart)
Mewa Singh will be hanged by the neck
until he is dead. Mewa Singh says on the
gallows, 'I am a gentle person, but gentle
people must act when engulfed
by injustice, for he sees the right and
the wrong. I offer my neck to the
rope as a child opens his arms
to his mother.

(Bella Singh waits at the end of the yard)

Down The Highway

Driving like mad down the highway
feels like a runway, soon to end,
and I've got to take off.
Don't know why I'm going this way?
Must be following you after a message
and I don't know who it's for.

I tried to make my peace.
Tried to make ends meet,
and here I am on stage alone,
no reason for this state of mind.
All these people expect a show and
you're not here and I'm not high.
Can't get high anymore.

Wish you would come home
so I can pull you to my senses
and ask you what you think.
You know I am tired,
maybe have a drink together.
Would you drive for a while?

Bring it all home for me
while I close my eyes.
Don't want to go through with this
when we reach the end.
Maybe I'm scared, maybe I'm wise.
They told me to count to ten . . .
Driving? Like? Mad?

Earthquake

The entire house shook,
the chandelier shook,
the light fixtures were shaking,
all the switchboards lit up have a good day,
the water cooler was rattling in the hall,
the door of Elliot's office, Professor A. Bailin
headquarters for effective writing.
Jim, good and me, thought the prof was locked
inside
and was trying to get out the door was shaking so
much.
Effective writing can be very scary,
or I thought it was me.

Jim, had a great night last night as well
and he thought it was him,

earthquake people are phoning in
and saying it was very serious.
I heard it on the radio,
if I hadn't heard that
I would of thought the water fountain
rattling and the door shaking was something
else entirely,
no, it was not my imagination or anyone
else's.

The city of London shook.
It brought the Buxbaum trial to a standstill.
The Justice suspended proceedings until
the altercation was over, people thought
the prisoner or rather the still accused had
farted.
The tremor spread from St. Catharines,
Hamilton to Pittsburgh, the whole huge area,
but its not serious and no wonder I
was a bit nervous this morning,
nothing serious.

President Duvalier is still in his palace.

Empty Corners

Somehow you found the
empty corners of my heart.
The ones I thought I had
cemented over, sealing in
the ghosts of an old love,
that giddy love, young
love, first love.
But is this love new,
is this feeling the one
you gave me, or do you
simply draw out the memories,
one by one
with a glance, a word,
a touch making
them less painful with hope.

[Unknown]

Excuse me sir, I pray - I can't yet speak.
I'm crying now - and have been all week!
“ 'tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters;”
“I've that within” - for which there are no plasters!
Pray, would you know the reason I am crying?
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
for, as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop;
I am undone, that's all - shall lose my bread.
I'd rather, but that's nothing - losing my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
shutter and I shall be chief mourner here.
To her a mawlish drab of spurious breed,
who deals in sentimentalism will succeed!
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents;
we can as soon speak Greek as sentiments!
Both nervous grown, to keep the spirits up.
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do? - if comedy forsake us!
They'll turn us out and no one else will take us.
But why can't I be moral? - Let me try:
my heart thus pressing - fix'd by face and eye
with a sententious look, that nothing means
(faces are blocks in sentimental scenes),
Thus I begin - “all is not gold that glitters”
pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ignorance enters, folly is at hand;
let not your virtue trip; who trips may stumble,
and virtue is not virtue is she tumbles.
I give it up - morals won't be for me'
to make you laugh, I must play tragedy.
One hope remains - hearing the maid was ill.
A doctor comes this night to show his skill
to cheer her heart, and give her muscles motion,
the in five droughts prepared, presents a potion;
a kind of magic charm - for the assured,
if you will swallow it, the maid is cured:
but desperate the doctor and her case is,
if you retract the dose and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
no poisonous drugs are mixed in what he gives,
should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
the college you, must his pretentious back,
pronounce him regular, or dub him a quack!

Faking it

Faking out the former lovers
and stalling their advances,
disaster is the game I play,
not hinting at your presence.

Sure you called and
sure you had said,
let's make a date
and I accepted.
But nothing more
your words didn't disclose
just what had changed
and what was regulated.

Fallen out of favor with
your family, your friends,
hesitation starting over what
you said was destined to end.

Don't mistake me,
I'm a gambler.
My credits good.
I'll raise you one
but I warn you of
my reputation.
I will leave the table
only when I've won.

Dealing faith like cards,
marking each one
as you set it down.

Fanny Bay

You say you have a mountain
and it's just right outside your window,
no, you've never climbed it
but it's still there just wait and see.

If you ever get the notion
or it comes in from the mind's fog
knocking largely at your door,
we'll invite it in for tea.

You still say it's your mountain
and you are fortunate indeed
to be so certain that it's there
and watching over you.

No need to dream,
to know that it is real,
no need to dream
as long as you know its there.
Better not to meet it head on,
like any love, it's good to let
a little fog get in the way.

Fellow Traveller

My fellow traveller.
It's not our nature to imply
we say it outright, outrageous,
It's an entertaining ride,
whistle stop, a kiss, a wave.
Destination undescribed.
I'm an un-raveller
of other people's lives.
I have my ticket.
It's been punched several times.

And you will never ask for favours,
so you will not decide to need me
and I, can't get beneath your covers,
so I will take this train to free me.

Your disembarkment would have done it,
would have thrown it,
would have shown it all.
It meant to be without this strange derailment.

One small stop, one small junction
of those sine cos curves in our lives
and I am grateful for the sojourn,
I can place it inside.
See you later, fill you in.

Fellow traveller,
and you think it wouldn't matter,
simple mathematics would tell you
I am there and your partner.
I'm here for you.

But why do I wait
and look for your face,
when my train doesn't even
stop at the station?

Flasher

I mourn it really as a passing art,
the element of surprise is fading away fast.
We've seen it all before, regret.
Increasingly the flasher will apologize.
Mockingly touch his forehead, say 'I'm sorry
this is all very old hat' and
'will you forgive me for being
so unoriginal but all the same, forgive me,
let me show you this,
there's nothing left now to hide.'
it's the flasher's dilemma.
However suddenly he jumps,
however deft his movements,
however dark his expressions,
however innocent and lovely his
victim, the likelihood is she's seen it before
and there's now nothing left but the embrace
and the fear of the touch.

Full Moon

Will you be my tropical Valentine?
Will you sleep with me naked in the sunshine:
on a beach
on a rooftop
out of reach
of people who insist upon wasting our time?

Do you know
it's the same moon
everywhere in the world?
It's always a full moon,
you can go anywhere
if you stare
at the moon.

Let us go find somewhere tropical,
Let us go and do something unusual:
in a forest
in an ocean
in a caress
of spending time on things
that make us just feel.

Girl!

Girl, don't throw it all away
for the sake of a man.
They wouldn't do the same for you
and they don't give a damn
when you fall.
Girl, don't gamble at all.

Rock on your own
don't tag along,
play your hand.
Not the luck of the draw.
You're a fool if
you think it couldn't happen to you.

A man don't mind
if you give him your time,
but it's the same old story,
don't say I didn't warn you,
you knew it all along.
Girl, don't gamble it all.

You're not getting any younger,
you're betting on the loser
and it's no wonder
he's dragging you down.

Give me an hour

Give me an hour, no,
then give me a day.
It doesn't have to last,
just make this one go away.

Show me a smile, no,
then turn your face to me,
I know those eyes all too well,
they're always smiling for me.
Tell me you love me, no,
then just go away.
I don't want to hear that from you.

Not today.

Buy me a ring, no,
then I'll buy one for you,
pay me back later,
Wednesday will do.

Tell me you love me, no,
just put your thoughts away
and let you hold me.
Do you love me?
yes, I knew it anyway.

Go Well And Give Well

June 6th 1996

go well and give well
in your time

our time
has many moments
and we can share them
or seek to steal them
risk some love
or gather our possessions
our thoughts and suspicions
around us
like a womb
like a tomb
we die with our thoughts
we die with our love

funny isn't it that
it just doesn't matter
but we do realize that . . .
no

go well my friend
and give well
because what we do does matter
to somebody
if we care
if we share
our time our love our thoughts

go well my love
and give well

Lover

Guess you heard I got a lover,
lives and works out of town.
See him when he comes around
but he's got a woman at home.
But babe, you're here
and I want you now.

I make promises
I tell lies.
You try and ease another's pain
and it flies at me.

One more night and
it just wasn't enough.
One more night, one,
just wasn't really enough.

Your friends talk about me.
Your friends talk me down.

Do you think I am possessive?

Haiku

His sleeping breath
will it wish to,
speak my name again?

To love someone
and do not know his breath
upon my face.

Such a power we give
ourselves to someone else,
trust sleeping breath

Diamond ring shines,
tonight my Dad wears
his sunglasses

Hooked.
And I can't make a move.
Your face's in the way.

I Don't Want You

I don't want you,
but I don't want to lose you.
I don't need you,
but I don't wanna make love
without you, but not here.

I don't wanna love
you no more.
I don't wanna make
you feel good.
I don't want to give you
what you want,
'cause honey, I don't need you.

I'm sorry, no not really,
for the things we didn't do.
I thank you, no hard feelings,
but I think this lovin's through.
Tell me you never want to
hold me once again,
but don't expect me to come running.

I've got to take my time,
hovering over these plans of mine.
Mulling over some past crying
and putting sights on something
that's flying.

I go out because I am afraid you won't call.
I say I don't need you in case it falls
apart and you give me all you have.
Your worry is not enough.
I don't care how much love
you can pull out of your heart
unlike wine from a bottle.
The seal doesn't matter, only that
it's clear enough to see the bottom
so that you would be left with nothing
but you trust me to catch every
drop that flies in all directions.

I'm out tonight and afraid you won't call.
I say you need not in case it falls apart.
You say you'll give me all you have.
To pour out your heart like that uncorked wine
and we count glasses, hold each to the light.
Good wine only needs one taste
to yield all that it can.

I had a day that screamed at me.
A day that wasn't meant to be.
Your face takes me by surprise
every time I look at you.
Your face is mine
so familiar.

I look at you sleeping
and I deny my troubles.
You guide me to my
peaceful place.
I try
but I am vulnerable
and I can only
close my eyes.

Not Cheating

I know you're not cheating on me
but you aren't doing anything right.
Honey, isn't it necessarily ours
just because it stays in all night,
just because it's not in flight?

Guarded hopes and still born dreams
and the one's that don't turn out so well.
Not too sure but sometimes it seems
that loving you is just another one of these.

Never asked you to be my fairy tale
but there you were like a Unicorn
who promises to give me all he can,
but refuses to show me where he has been.

Should I have said 'stay'. One little word.
Would it suddenly have given meaning to
your leaving, which seemed absurd.

Would your heart have jumped
out at the sound, crying yes so loud?
I think how tight you hold me
keeping that world inside you.
Did it have to be said?

Please break my heart.
Throw it on the floor.
Turn around, leave town,
Don't say you love me.
Who would want my heart
promised as it is?

Don't just give back my key,
it didn't open anything I cared about.

Not a band of thieves
could have left poorer.
My heart was given to your daylight
but surely you are the guilty one.
You didn't give it back when doubt won.
Please break my heart.
You said goodbye so gently.
Who'd want this heart,
promised as it is to give?

Under a cloak of honesty you say.
This love is real and will not change.
Crying so hope will appear.
Fate's fickle hand.
You take your hand away from me.

Broken heart, bad determination
and I spend my time
between the two, so much time.
Spent where love can hide from
and foster still born dreams.

Making love is a miracle
but breaking love asks to forgive.
I am breaking love under pressure
from the lack of love.
Finally released from that
heart of yours that worries too.

Opinions and judgements
of others is my Unicorn, so
please break my heart.
I can't believe you want to go.

Please break my heart,
throw it on the floor.
Just leave it there and
don't say you love me.
Let the blood spill on that floor,
maybe the pain will fall out too.

I Like Jerks!

I like jerks.
I like the fact that they
can be jerks.
Uncompromising jerks.
I'm a jerk.
I jerk people around,
unremorseful.
The French have a better
word for it.
Nyazeu. Nyazeu.
It's more snarly, more disgusted.

Do you jerks want to make love?

I Must Have Silence

On the edge of catastrophe
between a bottle and
a side of me,
inside of me,
defied by me.

Fearful of events that clamour
in imagination
and feared reality.
I must have silence.

Advantaged yes
and so aware
of threats and promises.
I can't believe I spend
some nights in despair
and idiocy.
I must have silence.
I myself and me can be
so closed.
Protecting some perception of me
I don't know.

I invite you to invade.
It is so simple.
Funny how my past doesn't prevail.
You are my equal.

And shall we say I am free?
You are you, I am me,
so we continue to play,
but I nor you play games,
so . . .

When I Die

I think that when I die I would
like to be remembered for my
kindness and my humour.
I wish I had managed to write
my theory of the interconnected classes
of all things, and the pen -
the existence of ink. Jeepers,
maybe I will wake up tomorrow morning
and I'll have to write about it.

When I do die, please do not
judge me. Everything I did
and experienced I don't regret.
Please look at my diaries
in the red trunk.

I think my life has been
interesting and good, and
probably would have been best
spent were I in a position of
power and knew that as dictator,
first Empress of Wrenchly I am.

I just saw most of 'Lost Horizon'
my mother tried it, didn't like it,
made me get rid of it.
You can't be mad at your mother.

I told Colin Baldwin that today, Sunday,
wasn't a good day to drop by on a relative.
I had company, my pajamas knew that.
I work seven days a week and I may have to
answer the telephone. Fortunately
I can multitask. Be kind to each other.

Oh, one other thing should I die,
forget it. There is a list on yellow paper
if you find it you can call them:
Jim Hughes, Carleton Watson, Rineholt ?
Can't recall his first name
There is a list of over 50 men
that I have made love with.
I think in all, live only in the
way we have touched one another,
even the punishers. Am I dead yet?

I think we are a good match
you and I
but you have some demons to catch
on the fly.

Bye and bye
our sine cos curves connect
interminable patience,
expectations on hold.
No asking plenty of offers
unexpected not denied.

I love you as I can
when you want to be found
and lose or find
the world that is
mine or yours.

I Want

Too many memories
clouding my vision
Emotions can't buy
time.

So they steal it
and my mind objects.
No denying.
No train of thought
can justify
my staying so far
from such goals as I
have set.
In moments of passion I
can't regret.

Come Home

I wish you would come home
so I could pull you to my senses
and ask you what you think.
Maybe have a drink together?
Quiet walk in the evening, ask
how was your day?
Isn't that the way it's
supposed to end?
Once I saw a Unicorn,
followed him into the forest.
I needed to believe in him
like I want to believe in you.

Maybe I'll see that Unicorn again.

If I Tried To Explain

If I tried to explain
all the ways I've deceived
the people I love
and who trusted me
I couldn't begin . . .

I don't mean
to hurt anybody.
I don't mean
to cause any pain

and yet I realize.
I understand
that when I
come into a room,
I shift things around.
What a burden,
a responsibility.

I cast it off.
I throw it away.
I don't want it anymore.
I want to be different.
I want to shed this albatross.
I want to, I want to love you.

The Admiral

[outline for a play?]

In the early Springtime, after their tea,
through the young fields of the springing
Bohea,
Jemina, Jacosta, Dinah, and Deb
walked with their father, Sir Joshua Jebb -
an Admiral red whose only notion,
(a butterfly poised on a pigtailed ocean)
is of the paruked sea whose swell
breaks on the flowerless rocks of Hell.

Under the thin trees, Deb and Dinah,
Jemina, Jacosta, walked and finer their
black hair seemed (flat-seek to see)
than the young leaves of the springing Bohea;
their cheeks were like nutmeg flowers when
swells
the rain into foolish silver balls.
They said, 'if the door you would only slam'
or if, Papa, you would once say 'Damn'
Instead of merely roaring 'Avast'
or boldly invoking the nautical Blast.

We should now stand in the streets of hell
watching siesta shutters that fell
with a noise like amber softly sliding;
our Moon-like glances through those gliding
would see at her table preened and set,
Myrrhina sitting at her toilette, with
eyelids closed as soft as the breeze
that flows from gold flowers on the incense trees.

The Admiral said, 'You could never call -
I assure you it would not do at all!'
She gets down from the table without saying
'Please'
forgets her prayers and to cross her T's.
In short, her scandalous reputation
has shocked the whole of the Hellish nation;
and every turbaned fashionable Chinoiserie,
with whom we should sip our black Bohea,
would stretch out her simian fingers, thin
to scratch you, my dears, like a mandolin;
for Hell is just as properly proper
as Greenwich or as Bath, or Jappa.

Red admiral a butterfly
red = violence, bloodshed
red clothes = British, a face

Grow old

Inches off my fortitude
and miles from my goal
if only I could see your face
I'd have the strength
to grow old.

Friday Night

It is such a sultry Friday night
and we should be sitting and sorting
the smells and sounds of the fading light
in a field of grass with waves that set as drifts
to the middle of a moment that doesn't ask to end.

Necessity slaps me with such impact
I know you have to and I have to,
but I'm sitting on a porch of immense
proportions and without you I flounder,
touching nothing. I leave you alone
to save myself and my world without you

and I want to be filled with your sensations.

It's not that I shouldn't.
It's not that I wouldn't.
And you know it's not 'cause I wouldn't,
it's simply 'cause I'm the laziest girl in town.

My poor heart is aching
to bring home the bacon
and if I'm done and forsaken
it's simply 'cause I'm the laziest girl in town.

Though I'm more than willing to learn
how those Gods get money to burn.
Every proposition I turn down,
way down.
It's not . . .

Nothing ever worries me.
Nothing ever hurries me.
I take pleasure leisurely
even when I kiss.
But when I kiss they want some more
and one thing more becomes a bore.
It isn't worth the fighting for
so I tell them this

It's not . . .

Jerry (1980)

A princess doing time,
laughing at her own lines
when situational conversations
make her too afraid to cry.

Dressed up in her finery
and half-hearted comradery,
taking chances with your patience,
you know she gambles secretly.

Danger lover,
don't like to sit too pretty.
Taking cover,
going to get hers in the city.

Buying favors.
Pay you back some day.
You know she'd do the same for you,
move on when the going gets easy.

Looking for a playmate
and you say you've come save me?
Well that's real fine of you to do,
go be someone else's inspiration.

Danger Lover!
Don't like to sit pretty.
Taking cover.
Going to get mine in the city tonight.

Jim Leaves

When he decided that he
must leave her,
he could only do so by
putting out of his mind,
the abyss across
which he had to jump.

Changes

Letting a man change one
like that, lacking experience,
taking it out on you,
bearing gifts to appease
my soul, trappings of
a heart that sold it's longings
for a promise.

No time to talk to you
now I said, I lied.
Trying to control the fear,
the desire to lose myself in you.

Lie To Me

Lie to me,
tell me that you love me.
Lie to me,
tell me that you're staying.
Make love with me,
I don't really care
if you're playing games.
I know what you'll say:
you can't do that,
you can't pretend that
you love me.

Someday when you go wrong,
when you play on past devotions,

you remember old emotions
and suddenly it's true
and suddenly I love you,
that isn't lying to me.

So lie to me
and lie with me, lay with me
and tease me like you used to
'cause I don't need the truth.
I need to hear "I Love You."
I want to feel surrounded by you.
It only takes a moment
to give a chance at hope.

That I won't need to beg you
to lie to me, to lie to me,
again.

Loving Moments

Loving moments cheaply given away.
Loving promises hang in the air then fade.
Taking refuge only in lovers eyes,
Gossimer anchors love of yesterday.

Unfortunate lovers leaping across
time on lily pads. Drown lovers!
Seek the deep cool depths.
The mirrored surface is an illusion.

This surface reflects vanity,
shattered by the smallest ripple.

Loving You

4/18/95

Loving you
is hard/easy to do.
It flows from me
effortlessly but I stop
every once in a while
and wonder
whether you are receiving
the fullness of my love.

Can you open to me
without those pinball flippers
that keep on pushing love
up and around again
through gates

that have to be pushed
by buttons.

Timing is everything,
another round.
Put in a quarter.

Promises

Making off with promises
I hide them under my pillow tonight
but without your voice to make them true
and every sound is frightening,
words disappear when morning
finds me caught in a book of telephone dates
made in desperation in days between the nights
I've been with you. Out of sight out of mind.

I'm losing every strength I've learned.
Those closet monsters of my childhood
come out tonight to haunt me,
without you there beside me.

Out of site, out of mind.

Man

I pick a man
by his knots,
slowly untying,
unfolding,
what he isn't.

Misty

Look at me.
Helpless as a kitten in a tree
and I feel dipping as a cloud.
I can't understand, I get misty
just holding your hand.
Walk my way and
100 violins beg to play,
Oh and it says hello,
that music I hear.
I get misty whenever
you are near.
Don't you know

that you lead me on, and
it's just what I want you to do.
Can't you see
that hopeless bet,
That's why I'm following you.

On my own.
When I march
through wonderland alone,
never knowing my right
from my left.
I feel misty, too much to bear.

My Life Is Worth Living

My life is worth living
I have so much to look forward to
I am happy
My life has meaning
I have purpose
I feel good about my life
I love living
Today is a beautiful day
I am glad to be alive
I have so much to be thankful for

Games

No games.
No faces held
behind masks.
Don't ask me
questions when
you don't care to
hear the answers.

Oh you play games,
making it so easy
to be on your side.
To get so excited to know
I make you want me.

[not sure if this is Cathy's or she is transcribing someone else?]

Noel Coward:

Jean Louis Dominic Pierre Bouchen,
true to the breed that bore him,
answered the call,
that held enthralled
his father's heart before him.
JLD just sailed away,
further than love could find him,
yet through the night
he heard a light
and gentle voice behind him say:

Matelot, M. Where you go
my thoughts go with you.
M.M., when you go down to the sea

for a year and a day,
you may sail away
and have no thought of me,
yet through the wind and
the spray will hear me say
'No love was ever free.'

You may sigh when horizons are clear.
Something that is dear to me,
cannot let me be.

Matelot, M., where you go my heart will follow.
M.M. when you go down to the sea,
T.L.D.P. Bouchen sailed the wide world over,
lips that he had kissed
could not resist
this loving roving rover.
T.L.D. right or wrong
ever pursued a new love
until in his brain
there beat a strain,
he knew to be his true love's song.

M.M., where you go my heart will follow.
M.M., when you go down to the sea.

When there's grief in the sky
the waves ride high.
My heart to yours will say
you may be sure that I'm true
to my love for you,
though half a world away.

Never mind if you find other charms,
here within my arms you will sleep,
sailor from the deep.

M.M., where you go my heart will follow.
M.M., when you go down to the sea.

Not Making Promises

Not making promises.
Not drawing lines.
Too insecure to lay it down.
Too wanting not to try.

I spend my whole life
giving in and taking chances.
What's it got me
but a lot of friends
who don't call that often,
but they answer every time.
Just the same I wonder,
who's right, they or I?

I want you to travel with me
but I want you to know why.
I'm sorry, I don't take chances with you.
You know I'm trying so hard to keep on
course.
I'd make amends if I knew you,
simple times made me so lost.

Not My Truth

I've searched the world,
well at least a part of it.
For a man who could be,
a part of me.
I thought I found you once
when I was young,
but that was just
a part of my youth,
not my truth.

November 19 1995

My love is a paper flower,
you hold it gingerly.
Give it back, I
want to pull each
petal off and slowly
count to 'he loves me'.

I'm afraid to take the last,
I've lost count anyway.
The bare center
pistol and stamen . . .
'He loves me not'
Its corona's gone so
I toss it away.

I rifle through the petals
now so strangely brittle,
wrenched away to test
'he loves me' on paper.
Watch them crumble and fade.

Should I try and save them
and scrutinize each one?
'He loves me not'.
Perhaps pressed in
a special book to count
the time of their decay.

All that's left of my love
is papers 'he loves me'
no promises trusting flowers
wrongly formed in
and by paper cruelly betrayed.

He loves me not.

Old North

It's a mess.
I want a nice place to work, have kids.
We want to live in Old North, and
I want a house eventually,
time to fix it up the way we want.
So you don't want to be impressed
by all the time and patience
and the opportunity
of me being a woman, partner,
who has the sense to be
there for you. Are you there for me?

Society

Our society has changed,
I think much of this
stems from a misunderstanding of
the Charter. Not a piece of legislation.

But he goes further, using words
like arrogant, gall, and generally

denigrating on an emotional level,
the very system of justice and society
within which we can speak freely.

The character is not just a set of
rules, like a piece of legislation
it is more of a philosophy,
stating that we as a society upheld
overriding values such as freedom & equality.
All was enacted democracies,
they are overriding, because every
piece of legislation, however,
democratically brought about, and
must comfort to these values.
This extends to actions that may be

taken by governments and justice
administration
under such legislation, even if the
actions are within the wording of
the statute or if they offend rights entrenched
then the legislation, or the part
of it contrary will be struck down.

This is what warrants must do
to uphold democracy.

Pangea

A head on collision with my expectations
makes me feel contrite.
I behave and say things not my right.

My feelings for you have epicenters
on the fault lines of my confidence
and I retreat and make a choice
to close or open, take or give
the secret to my Ley Lines.
I feel you jostle for positions.
Pangea folds and gathers strength

but still it is so strange,
this being pulled apart.
What was it?
Time, no not time,
continental thoughts,
meshing or not meshing.
I mesh with you so incredibly.
I keep thinking how
Pangea eventually unites us all,
I was thinking why,
why I want to sleep with you.

Phoenix

Believe in me, darling.
Believe in me as
I falter sometimes,
no, a lot, but
in my weakened state
a Phoenix will grow.

Watch my pyre.
It haunts me
and I say no.

For Your Love

Pinning my hopes,
drunk for your love,
needing to possess,
hoping for years,
needing to lean on you,
afraid when you are sleeping.

Looking out for prospects,
Smoking a cigarette.
Why don't you call?
You said you would.
Can't keep my mind
driving on.

Pretending

Were you just pretending?
Well send my regards,
spare no expense,
send my love to
every one we knew.

Did you finally get
that lucky treat?
Sorry I couldn't be there,
had to fly to Rio,
back at Christmas, see you there.

Take a message to
that boy in my heart
if you can find him,
anyone will do.
Take a message.
Yes, I'm talking to you.
You used to be my friend.
What happened to you?

Took a chance.
Too bad.
Guess we all sometimes lose.
Thought it would work out,
can't be between her and you,
so sad.
That attraction came hard.
It never used to.

Puddles

My driveway is full of puddles
but I'm leaping over them,
my heart is full of holes
but it's beating just the same
despite the healing pain,
I'd do it all again
Damn it all, I am happy

You criss-crossed my scars
with fibers strong a spider silk.

The Quality of Mercy

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His septre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Quickly

An hour can go by so quickly
and I can forget that you
were with me yesterday.

Duty calls me and I must listen,
but why can't it be more forgiving
when I fail.

To answer pressing needs
I'm drinking again
to relieve that overwhelming
undeserved feeling.

I'll drive you home,
kiss you goodnight
but I'm wishing for you
to make me feel like a woman again/

Tired of being, tired of acting,
tired of imaginary war.

Sure and I've got love, babe.
And sure I got time,

but I don't need to share it
just to make it mine.

Selfishness

Thinking
how if only I'd known
you in highschool,
Nah,
you wouldn't have
given me a second glance.
I was so shy I wore glasses,
I can tell you anything, even that,
or in my twenties,
oh but by then I was haughty.
Men fell,
or so I thought,
I would not
have looked past the lover
who bought me dinner.
She was disturbed to find
that he had gone.
His stuff was all there,
toothbrush, LP's . . .
He didn't own CD's
but then what he thought
was there was gone.

Sitting

You should never have to sit
there, talking times and things.
You should never have to sit there,
'Cause I know that I've tried
Making time and making lies.
You look so different when you're sleeping.
Thinking, I don't know this man.
The days are getting shorter now,
nights are getting colder now.
Silences getting oh so long.
Seems like it's coming,
seems like it's coming to an end.
Babe, I'm trying to have more time.

Dreams are freezing with the river,
Lord, just help me through this Winter.
Babe I'm trying one more time.
Still there's hands to warm, soup to stir,
stories to tell, it'll be a bad year, this year.

Soapsuds Mornings

You meet me in a
soapsuds morning
asking of body,
pressing warmth,
melting bubbles of asking,
which burst on thought
that I need nothing more.

I touch your head
as if practiced,
a habit
not yet learned,
like this tangled dancing
each time new yet traced in stone,
studying your freckles until you move.

Forgive me.
I turn away with questions.
Strange beast
with heavy arm possessing,
no, you are familiar
to me as I hold you.
You disappear
or maybe I do.

Sonnet For David S.

23/6/82

My patience seems a virtue frightened far,
your heart cannot rest here with me 'til dawn,
so wearied by the wet and heated dark
yet you demand I lead you to the door.

Why must you cut dishonest love in two?
A man who rages hot when in my bed,
though fallen out to stay with her you choose
not being alone but left that way we dread.

Don't ask me why tonight I push you out,
if only t'were done more unthinkingly
but you'd go on without a pause to doubt
the man can't lose who never dares to need.

But a man who's thrown outside a woman's love
will find the void a lousy fuck.

Stolen Moments

A few stolen moments is all that we shared.
You've got your family and they
need you there.
Though I try to resist being last on your list,
but no other man's gonna do,
so I'm saving all my love for you.

It's not easy living all alone.
My friends try and tell me to find
a man of my own,
but each time I try I break down and cry
'cause I'd rather be hoping and blue,
as I'm saving all of my love for you.

You used to tell me we'd run away together,
love gives you the right to be free.
You said be patient, just wait a little longer,
but that's just an old male fantasy.
I've got to get ready, just a few minutes more.
Get that old feeling when you walk
through the door.

Because tonight is the night for feeling alright.
We'll be making love the whole night through.
So I'm saving all of my love,
yes I am, yes I am, for you.

No other woman is gonna love you more,
'cause tonight it's the night,
that I'm feeling all right.
We'll be making love the whole night through.

So I'm saving all of my love,
yes I am,
yes I am saving all my love for you.

For you.
For you.
For you . . .

Daisies Turn To Diamond Rings

The daisies turn to diamond rings.
She'd rather have the flower,
weep for the woman, cry for yourself.

The old ones frown for the wild fool,
she smiles and takes their hand,
but she must run if she is to meet
the sea by the edge of the land.

The sun will set as she waits alone,
for all of the fantasies are asleep,
she will be there tomorrow again,
her fantasy lover she cannot leave.

If I see her I will tell her.
I will tell her you have gone.
If I see her I will tell her,
I will tell her that you have gone.

This Space I Call mine

This space that I call
mine,
is slowly getting smaller.
Some of it's hung together.
Some I'd gladly give
away,
but not if it's just
plain dying.

Time Is What I Ask of You

Time is what I ask of you.
Your precious time,
'cause when you spend your time with me
it doubles mine.

My heart cannot rest
unless it's inside of you.
My life can bide its time
until I can find you .

I am crying
for choices I've not made.
I am finding
the strength to let me wait.

In time
I know it will be clear.
With time
you show me not to fear

Time in all its urgency,
time is different from distance.
Time is unrelenting
and time can't promise me your face.

In the morning
so soft I look at you
and wish for the time
to give to you .

Tired Days

Tired days that just don't seem to make sense
when at the end I am in my room
thinking of all those people
who didn't come through for me.
My expectation stays undaunted
when I hope that you love me.

Strange how these days would just fly by.
If I was only missing you, I would bring me
down
but all the disappointments pile up you know,
and I end up pruning all of my hopes
and needing you to save me.
You become that perfect place
that I can never go because our rainbows
are at the end of each other.
I'm following mine are you yours?
It won't be long now.

To Dan

So sad.
Memories of a fond friend,
that passed not long enough ago.
I'm left holding such a lead
of words unsaid and things I should have
done.
Time and trust hoarded selfishly
and a heart that wasn't fallowed.

So weary.
Seeing new lines on my face
too clearly.

Reminds me of little hurts,
they visit me again together
in the mirror, my companion
at a meat dinner for two
with a fuzzy photograph of you.

Let me see your face again,
hear you say it's no big deal
and we'll see what's going on,
maybe take a drive to the beach.

So sorry.
Guess I was out of line.
If you'd only let me
know I wasn't being fair.
All I knew was you hadn't called.
How was I to know you hadn't tried.
You took the easy route it seems
to say you were just making time with me.

Thinking about the ages of fire we've filled
and wondering 'bout the ages yet to come
until the day we say 'hey,
you've been here a long time.'
Guess it's with you I'm growing old
and maybe we'll move
into the country, that's what
we always said we'd do.

We follow hearts of gold
and throw them on the floor
when they seem too pale to wear.
We trust that time
will give what we desire.

To Love Someone

To love someone,
such a power we give,
such a part we trust
of ourselves to them
that needs breath upon our face
sleeping breath upon our face
and do not know
if it will wish
to speak our name again.

To William

My gentle friend, your love has many
shadows.
Yet from this darkness winds that breathe of
life.
Blow cool upon my fire and childhood knows
the fear of what lies hidden in the night.

Twilight Zone

I guess my heart was not yet mended.
You found the tiny cracks
in a cement of silly pride
that hid him in my past.

Oh, I didn't mind at first.
They say love heals all wounds
but only a heart can fill a heart
and yours is empty too.

A heart that's not yet mended
from a love that lost its way,
a heart that refuses to believe
that it has changed.

Oh I get by,
Lord knows I have.
Spending the days
thinking of ways
to wake up for the love I once had.

Vortex

Your absence is a vortex, I am lost
to sweet enticing suction, I descend
without control, this depth compels my
thoughts,
I spin down its desire without end.
The clock face makes me crazy with its circle.
A whirling bore that drills unceasingly.
Am I condemned to such a storm eternal,
expanding each hour?

I follow emptiness, you ask directions,
I am consumed and cannot plead for patience.
This siren whirlpool is unrelenting.
I think you too are drawn by its creation.

My love, it was cruel to dig this aching chasm
which can be sated only by its passion.

We have to talk

We have to talk.
Why do I hate those words:
we have to talk.
Communication is a good thing
is it not?

Is the agenda to be published
at a later date I guess.
Will I get to make a statement?

Why is it that you always say those words
just when I'm climbing on my feet
and things are sorting out a bit.
I'm feeling strong, we've had our fun
and BOOM you tug at the rug under my feet!

You're not moving,
you're only sleeping.
You're not speaking.
You only cry.

Uncertain heart,
no, just caught too far
from home base.
I see your face.

Forgot my needs.
Trembled when I heard
your voice on the phone.
Thank God you're here,
or are you?

When I Needed you

Where were you when I needed you?
Where were you when I called to chat?
Who was that knocking at your door?
Why did she come, did she need you anyway?
Suspicious minds?
No, just lonely am I.
Wanting you so late, back home.

Marked my time today,
got so much done,

waiting for you.

I told you I had things to do.
Don't blame you if you stayed away,
something in your voice,
something I needed to be told.

Will I Marry

Will I marry the man,
to walk with in the evening,
grow old with the seasons,
mock our change.

Will I marry the boy
who lives next door.
He never goes anywhere else
but he is so secure.

Men would come and go.
There was always another
waiting in the aisle,
waiting for my smile.

Offerings

Words offered and words received,
some thrown back
some not to to believe
and some merely challenges,
testing the thickness of
floors and walls,
whichever we call them.
Depends on the moment, the words.

And you seem so distant, today,
yesterday we spoke so well,
so clearly I understand you.

The Bottom Line

You know it's feeling really solid
with you
with you.
Give me some more time,
don't give me the bottom line.

I take chances with security
and waiting for the old road.
Living for simple reasons

and saying I don't need you
when I do really need you.

Am I not ready?
It's a mad rush, for
every time you go away,
I see you more and more.

Teaching Me

You teach me things I want to learn
and show me ways I've never heard of
to chase away those habits that settled in.

I had things all figured out.
Men were never cause for doubt.
I play the best odds of boys to men.

One overwhelming me,
but two is there that loves me
or at best is the one
who shows he's true.

But one is dark when he loves me
lover, he wants me but doesn't know me,
but two is same as one.
Who's touching my hair?

I've been wondering about the man
who's been living in the dream
I have now and again.

Is it one that makes my heart jump
or is it two who gently holds me up?
Give me an answer, I'll give you a prayer
that in the New Year, somebody's there.

Before Rory

You're telling me, don't get me wrong,
I'm marrying in the Fall.
Then you ask me to make love,
that doesn't make sense at all.
You've got yourself in a situation
and you hope I'll understand
and wouldn't it be so fine.
One night, one woman, one man.
Arrangements are made, plans are set.
You say, honey, I ain't married yet
but that don't mean I can fake it.

When I'm near you
I can't breathe.
Even I can understand
but don't ask me to explain.

You think I'm protecting myself.
I want it all or nothing.
It's just that I got to give it my all,
but it gets stopped up in my heart.

You've Got It Coming

You got it coming to you.
I can't stop it now.
You can't stop it now.
I don't want no f'n back talk.
I just don't need a lover who's
been dragging me down lately
and right now you're bringing me down.
I don't need a charming dinner companion.

I don't care
who you got
hanging on to you.
I don't care
what you got
on the side.

Chances are you've noticed
I'm one hell of a
good looking lady and
chances are I've figured
out that you're not
certain of our circumstances.



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